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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1824.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 287. Longman & Co.

THE system or code of poetical criticism to be found in this publication cannot fail to be appreciated by poets and poetical readers. If we do not subscribe to all its canons, if we discover several repetitions of the same ideas, and if we miss any remarks on our favourite comic poem of Beppo,—we nevertheless per-use with great satisfaction what appears to be not only an impartial opinion, but one dictated by a cultivated mind, fine taste, and acute discernment. The work is, however, of a construction which is not readily taken apart for the purpose of an examination or Review. A complete analysis would be as long as the original; and it affords few opportuni ties for illustration by partial extracts; and the half dozen columns which we can spare for it must, in consequence, necessarily be rather inferior to the subject, and less than the taleats of the writer would otherwise claim. We shall begin with quoting a few of his more general dicta, with their application to Lord Byron's poetry and his life.

"There is, indeed, a great difference be-tween the fault which arises from ideas unchastised, and ideas exaggerated. The former comes from excess of force; the latter, from weakness which endeavours to supply the place of strength by unnatural and artificial efforts: Lord Byron's fault is of the former kind; never of the latter.

"He had the powers of copious and rich fiction: but it wanted one essential part of the fiction which is requisite to the highest poetry—it was not cast in the mould of truth.
All the characters of his creation partook of the defects of his own mental and moral composition. They are beings of violence; of extravagant and partial endowment; of scorn at moral ties; of splendid vice; of disdain of the state of existence in which they are moving; of mysterious claims to excellence above their destiny, which exempt them from the common restraints of life, and entitle them to do whatever eccentric and audacious things passion or caprice prompts, without loss of esteem or admiration, as if in revenge for their degradation among creatures of an inferior order. - -

"The fiercer passions seem to have pre-vailed exclusively over the mind of Lord Byron. Tender affection, timidity, sorrow, sympathy, appear to have had little influence over him; a love of power and of the un-limited exercise of his caprice, and anger and violent resentment at whatever thwarted his purposes, were his habitual temperament. It did not seem that any hold could be made upon his conscience, or the nicety of his re-gard to the interests or happiness of others. He was one who lived according to his own humours, and whose will was his law.

"In one sense he could not be properly said to have any enthusiasm, because enthusiasm is uniform, sincere, and cannot change; whereas in his fits of highest fervour he could change at once to raillery, sarcasm, and jest; he could ridicule what he himself had the moment before admired most, and could turn round upon those who agreed with him, by taking the direct contrary side.

"When he was pleased, he could be generous and kind; but no one was certain of being able to please him, or to continue to please him. He took offence without cause; and revenged, without bounds, trifling or imagined injuries. Goodness gave him no pleasure, as goodness; but only so far as it happened to suit some transient humour.

This disposition of mind and temper aided the force and direct vigour of whatever he wrote or said. He compromised nothing; he took every object in the single unbroken light of the moment; he had no qualms, no re-serves, but drove onward to his point with a reckless energy. He had risen above the breath not only of culgar opinion, but of all public opinion. He found himself, or thought himself, above the reach of any assault which should endanger his fame; and, therefore, that, in the chances which he was free to run, all that was good would elevate him, nothing which was bad could depress him; -a state of extraordinary advantage for the due expansion of powers magnificent in degree, as well as rare in kind.

"But still it was a dangerous and too tempting license; it encouraged him to let out all the dregs, as well as all the splendours of his great genins; he, therefore, let out many things trite, many coarse, some foolish, and some execrable; he put no guard upon the bitterness of a temper sometimes foul, ometimes ungenerous; and it will be well, if this vast mass of objectionable matter does

not finally hang heavy on his fame. - - - "The productions of the genuine poet are the fruit and flowers of nature cultivated by his labour and skill: those of the false poet are artificial,—they are the fabrics of his own hand, made to *imitate* the growth of nature, but without life or fragrance.

" Lord Byron was never known to produce artificial flowers instead of real ones: he sometimes produced weeds, and now and then flowers and fruits which were poisonous, but always the vigorous growth of nature.

From these isolated passages a judgment may be formed of the syle, and of the depth of observation which Sir Egerton Brydges has displayed in these Letters: both their beauty and force must be felt. He elsewhere endeavours to trace to its source, or their sources, the first cause or causes of Lord Byron's morbid temperament :-

"Some minds are cast in so sombre a mould, that they seem naturally disposed to delight in gloom, mysteries, and terrors. There is something in human existence which dissa-

with painful emotions. They love ' to enforce the awful, darken the gloomy, and aggravate the dreadful.' No one, I think, will deny that this was the bent and ruling genius of Lord Byron.

" Our nature is in some respects inscrutable, wonderful, and strange: we are often seized with an irresistible impulse to gaze curiously and intently on that which fills us with horror while we gaze. There are impressions sometimes made on a sensitive intellect or heart in early life, before reason has gained dominion, which nothing afterwards can efface. We know not what accidental circumstance may have given an impression of horror or bitterness to Lord Byron in his infancy.

There can, we think, be no question but that the lameness or deformity in one of his limbs contributed greatly to this effect. The pains he always took to conceal it, by wearing clothes of a particular shape, and other means, showed that even this accident, not worth a second thought to a high intellect, absolutely preyed upon his mind. And our Author adds other suppositions :-

"His family were under a cloud: his great-uncle, who possessed the peerage, had been thrown into sad and misanthropic seclusion by the unfortunate result of the duel with Mr. Chaworth; and a great declension of for-tune darkened the veil which hung over the waning splendours of his ancient and eminent house. His father's first marriage, at least, had been unhappy; and his temper was said to have been harsh and despotic.

"When Lord Byron entered a great public school, somewhat late and backward in the attainments pursued at these exclusively-classical institutions, with a person marked out by one of those defects which boys treat so mercilessiy in each other, and with the reputation of a fortune very far below his rank, his proud and supercilious spirit received a shock, which seems to have operated on the colour of the rest of his life. He was ambitious, ardent for distinction, and vain. Obstructed and oppressed in the regular course, his energies, prompted by a daring and bitter temper, broke out into the most eccentric pursuits and amusements. He grew defiant, misanthropic, and careless of moral character. He felt within him the stirrings of a genius, of which he perceived that others had not only no suspicion, but of which they even scoffed at the pretension. In the midst of this discouragement, in the midst of the rude and coarse habits in which it encouraged a temper naturally fierce, he still had returns of that higher ambition, of those more refined and more noble occupations, of which his mighty gifts of intellect had in the happier moments of his boyhood given him glimpses."

Of his compositions, Sir Egerton thinks the Corsair the most perfect; and this, together in gloom, mysteries, and terrors. There is something in human existence which dissatisfies them, and produces a discontent and ill humour that drive them to seek familiarity live in society, he would probably never have

Sir Egerton endeabeen an eminent poet.* vours to disprove the charge of plagiarism which has been urged against his Lordship; but he does not grapple with the facts, and only half meets the general argument; thus—

"There are those who accuse him of systematic plagiarism:—this is not so: he produces no thoughts or feelings which are not his own; but his retentive memory recalls to him passages of others, when they agree with his own impressions; and then it is often im-possible to avoid the recurrence to his own mind of similar language:—the prepared lan-guage rises with the thought, and, confident in the power of his own resources, he does not reject it, nor fatigue himself to invent a laboured variation, merely to avoid the charge of being an imitator, and of want of ori-ginality, which he considers to be too base-less to be worth guarding against."

This is any thing but convincing; for if

true, there really is no such thing as plagiarism. The author also attempts to palliate other and still greater offences of which the

noble bard has been accused.

" One (he tells us) of the grand faults of mankind, which Lord Byron's temper, the impulses of his heart, and the vigour of his faculties, prompted him to combat and expose, was hypocrisy and false pretension. He saw with indignation the unjust estimate of character the world was accustomed to make, and the flagrant wrong with which it was accustomed to distribute admiration, honours, and re-wards. He bent, therefore, the whole force of his mighty faculties to expose these ab surdities in striking colours; to throw a broader light on their real features; and to draw the veil from the cloven foot, and the satanic qualities which had hitherto been concealed.

"He would plead, that, in detecting vice under the robe of virtue, he was not warring with virtue's cause, but supporting it; and that the cry of alarm was but the interested and corrupt cry of those, who could not bear that their own cloak of disguise should be

torn from them!

"But has he not, in the effort to pull down hypocrisy, set up naked and audacious crime? This is the charge against him; and it is, indeed, a charge which has sometimes a strong appearance of being well founded. All powers of great energy will occasionally over-shoot the mark: the decision must be made according to the predominance of good or

shoot the mark: the decision must be made according to the predominance of good or "If Lord Byron himself had led a confined, luxurious, feshionable life, all his native impetuosity would have been damped, and the fire of his writings would have been amped, and the fire of his writings would have been much less ardent. But as he loved solitude, so also he loved the open air, to sport upon the occan, to breathe in the fresh gale of the waters, to bank in the sun, to chath stupendous mountains, to sit upon girldy precipies, and to explore savage countries, amid the energy of dangers, and the novelty of strange manners.

"A combination, therefore, of native genius, accidental character, and extraordinary course of adventures life, contributed to produce from Lord Byron portical works such as centuries are not likely to see come forth again.

"It is probable that not one in tens of millions looks on sature with the same intense sensation of pleasure with which Lord Tyron looked upon it: but if there are many, what avails it, unless they can convey the reflection of it to others with the same power and brilliancy with which Lord Byron conveyed it? That power, mainly native, was yet augmented by perpetual exertion and practice. Not only the powers of expression greally increase by exercises, but the acuteness of observation also, and the consequent force of impression. In proportion to the nicety of our observation, we feel; as we distinguish, we see new beauties; as the view breaks itself into eleutrosts, we see with more prec sion the harmony of all the parts. All this is apparent is the progressive compactitions of Lord Byron. The energy of his apirit made him still persevere, anild distractions and disappointments, and the gloom of an embittered temper."

evil. We must estimate by the comparative mischief of the character elevated, and the character depressed, by these exhibitions. Now daring and open crime always brings with it its own antidote; but concealed rottenness works under ground, covered with flowers, and spreads diseases and pestilence, without a suspicion whence the sufferings and the destructions come,—and, therefore, continues to prostrate its victims, unchecked by its success, and uncorrected by time.

"It has been said that Lord Byron's cen sures were not the accents of satire, but of grief. He employed, however, the most poig-nant irony and ridicule for the same purposes as those for which he employed the tones of indignant sorrow. And here again, perhaps, he may be entitled to a similar defence against the attacks which have been made upon him, to that which has been already suggested.

" He has been accused of jesting at all fe male virtue, of painting women in the most dissolute colours,—and yet of employing the whole force of his brilliant imagination to make licentious pleasures attractive and seducing. On a superficial view, at least, this charge has a plausible basis. But many ingenious things may be said on the other side; and I am not sure that they are not as solid as ingenious, though some may think them

"Against those vices which fashion sanctions, grave and vehement indignation goes for nothing. Happy and poignant ridicule alone can touch them. But the women who emselves up to open indulgences, and open disregard of character, are not those whose example is mischievous, and who corrupt society. The poison is spread by those who wear the veil of delicacy, propriety, tenderness, affection, beauty, and all the charms of female loveliness. It is thus that the most dangerous corruption works under the mask of the most affecting virtue. Nothing less than the touch of the magical spear of ridi-cule can pierce this spell. Ridicule is like the light of the morning on that which appeared beautiful under the shadowing beauti of the moon, but which cannot bear the stronger rays of the snn. The delusive charm vanishes and the spots come forth in their ugliness the hope of deception expires,—and the con-sciousness that the artifices are known, takes away the ability to continue them.

"The charge of immorality in the poet's ridicule must be founded on an assumption contrary to this:—an assumption that the vice ridiculed is rendered attractive, or not an object of shame, by descriptions connected with so much loveliness: but irony, if very acute, is a resistless weapon, which dissolves the intenseness of grave and enthusiastic passion, and disarms the fury which grows stronger by direct and equal resistance.

We will not take upon ourselves to combat the fallacies contained in this extract; as, in fact, Sir Egerton himself afterwards abandons

the strong points of his position: "I will not (he says) here trouble myself to go regularly through such of the grand doctrines of religion and morals as Lord Byron's poems are supposed to have a constant acy to outrage; all of them have been urged over and over again by his adversaries; and some of them by candid and friendly cri On the first subject it would be idle not to abandon his defence. His attacks on our religious faith are too positive and too revolting to be palliated.

"There are parts of his writings which must

be equally given up on moral grounds. Some of his personal attacks are malignant, low, and mean, and could only have sprung from base and ungenerous passions; while some of his praises are as fulsome and unfounded as his It could be easily shown that he has bitterly, foully, and unprovokedly attacked some whom he in his heart admired, whom he studied intently, whose spirit he endea-voured to catch, and to whom he was indebted for many noble thoughts, and some powerful language! It is useless-and worse than use. less-it is injurious, to attempt to defend the series of th a noble nature!

There are other blots of a similar cast for which I can find no excuse. Is it not unmanis to insult the ashes of the dead, who have fallen victims to the greatest misfortune, the most lamentable disease, to which poor humanity is subject? And all this from political, not personal, antipathy! Are political antipathies to breed personal hatred, which shall insult the grave?—The grave, too, of the most gentlemanly, the mildest-mannered, the boldesthearted man in Europe. These are traits, which, whenever I would feel admiration for the genius and the poetry of Lord Byron, I am necessitated to efface from my recollection. To me no words of reprobation appear too strong for such an exhibition of horrible

blackness of feeling! "The heart for a moment sinks in despond-ency, to behold in frail human nature the

union of such frightful darkness with so much gigantic splendour!"

The following is of a still more personal cast (we mean, less connected with the literary character) than any of our preceding quotations, and consequently interesting, as all that relates to Lord Byron must be; and

we conclude our quotations with it—
"I hear that the irritable passions which "I hear that the irritance passed.

Lord Byron displayed in mixed society, at that period before his departure from when he lived at all in the world, mahim very offensive, and sometimes very ridiculous. It is probable that the consciousness and shame of this was among the causes which made him seek and love solitude.

"This irritability is an unfortunate thing for genius, but it is very common: perhaps not in the same degree as Lord Byron had it, because Lord Byron's passions were always more violent than those of other people. early habit of mixing much in the world might have softened it; but then, probably, would have also had a strong effect in taming the energy of his genius. So it is, that good and

evil is mixed in this world."

Near the end of his volume, Sir E. B. alludes to "Anecdotes and Records of the Conversations of Lord Byron" as a work likely to appear soon from the pen of a friend: it will be very acceptable to the pub lic. We also hear that Mr. Moore and Mr. Cam Hobhouse are pledged to produce biographics of their late friend. These, and other publications, will develop more of his extraordinary character than has hitherto been known; and, in the mean time, Sir E. Brydges has set a fair example to those who will investigate his literary claims, neither as foes nor adulators; and the world will in a few years have materials whereon to form a judgment, which we anticipate will be somewhat different from its present impressions,

Australia; with other Poems. By Thomas K. Hervey, Trin. Coll. Cambridge. 12mo.

pp. 141. Lond. 1824. Hurst, Robinson, & Co. Mr. Hervey, forming himself on classic mo-de s, and writing didactically on serious sub-jects, is not calculated to make a dazzling impression; but there is, nevertheless, a vein of beauty in his versification which demands our notice and praise. His chief fault is want of compression; and from this the poetical images which rise to his imagination in pristine force become dilate and lose their effects. We consider the principal piece to be an unlacky choice: it was hardly possible to write a clear and vigorous poem upon it; and we therefore deem it sufficient to run our eye cursorily over it, and to quote and note such of the passages as occur to us as best exemplifying the author's powers. In an apos-trophe to Britain, it is well expressed: From clime to clime thy hardy children roam, The wave their world—the ship their island-

home Where'er the waters in their wildness roar, Or lead their surges to the sounding shore; Wherever winds lift up their song on high, Or mercy paints an Iris in the sky; Where o'er the burning line the billows roll, Or lash themselves to madness at the Pole; Through seas o'er which the spirit of the north Marshals his clouds, and sends his icebergs

forth; Where the dark waves, without a tempest, roar, As avalanches thunder from the shore; Mid everlasting cones that rise sublime, The trophies and the monuments of time, Sparkle like sapphire temples in the sun, And make a daylight when the day is done-

Unfortunately, Mr. H. proceeds through twice as much minutise more, and thus weak-ens the interest of the last six of these lines; and finally ends in a near approach to, if not quite a bull, where he adds, Borne by the billows, wafted by the breeze, Thy forests float through undiscovered seus.

The termination is however of a redeeming

Gem of the ocean! Empress of the sea orm of the ocean: Empress of the sea:
My heart could weep in foodness over thee;
My soul looks forward, through a mist of tears,
To pierce the darkness of the coming years,
And dimly reads, amid the future gloom,
Warnings she dares not utter of thy doom.
And caust thou perish, Island of the free? Shall ruin dare to fling her shroud o'er thee? Thou who dost light the nations, like a star, Thou who dost light the nations, like a star, ln solitary grandeur, from afar!
Thou who hast been, indeed, the pillar'd light For Israel's sons in superstition's night!
Can desolation reach thy hallowed strand, [land, while Shakespeare's spirit breathes along the While timeo'er Milton's grave fleets powerless by, And Newton's memory links thee with the sky?

The next quotations will show how apt the bard is to run riot with his ideas—not to leave as it were one allusion untouched; a practice much more to be commended in a catalogue than in a canto.

Where is the earthly throne of Jesse's stem? The Turk keeps watch upon Jerusalem:
The sun lights up a desert, when he falls [walls;
Where Thebes once rear'd her hundred-portall'd
And vainly seeks, where rank the wall-flower

The lyre whose song should lull him to repose: Few lone memorials mark the sileut spot Where Memphis was—and tell that she is not: Balbee is shrouded in mysterious fame: Dance: Is Shrounce in mysterious rame:
Troy is a tale: Palmyra is a name:
Fair Carthage flourishes in Mantuan lays:
And Athens is a dream of other days:
To Fancy's car the very breeze complains,
Where more than ruin haunts the Latian plains.

The falcon pauses in his midway flight, And turns him eastward from the dazzling light; Along the valleys strides the vast emu, And o'er the waters wanders the curlew : The pelican, upon his dizzy steep,
Looks proudly down along the glowing deep;
While herons spread their plumes o'er coral graves Or fall, like snow-drifts, on the buoying wave Far off, the white-winged eagle sails on high, And nestles half-way 'twixt the earth and sky.

Without adverting to the vile phrase of nestling in mid-air; these two extracts, the one running the gamut through all ancient states, and the other through all the brute creatures of Australia, demonstrate our observation with regard to the writer's proneness to dilation. In minor points he is (as all young poets are) very unequal, and the good and bad verses are nearly in the same pro-

portions throughout—Thus,
Bad. Where brave Magellan led his hardy band,
And perished darkly by a savage hand;
The first who sailed round each discovered shore.

Good. Sunk to the tomb, with care and sickness spent, And made a second world his monument!

Bad. Fancy built new regions in the main; Far o'er the billowy waste she proudly trod, To track the wonders and the ways of God; And, where the vast antarctic waters roll, She rear'd a continent against the Pole.

(Bathos.

(Bathos.)
Good. In light canoes, along the purple seas,
The natives sport, like swallows in the breeze;
Glide where the portoise rocks himself to sleep,
But shun the dolphin, where he stirs the deep;
Or lead the measured music of the oat Where the small billows break upon the shore, Flow to the beach, like joys that will not stay, Then ebb again, like happiness, away!

Bad. Gave to the "airy nothing" of a dream "A local habitation, and a name."

Bad. Then Saävedra's crew explored the deep, Where tempests rock the cape-born spirit's sleep; Then Hartog led his hardy rovers forth; And Tasman ventured boldly from the north; While o'er the boundless billows gaily steer The party of the gallant buccaneer

(A change from past to present time.) Bad. To win a substance from the billowy And plant a new Columbia in the east! [waste, Bad.

And, as the tempest rocks the creaking must, Half deems he hears thy whistle on the blast;

Bad. Far 10 the south, she sees the billows toss Upon their foam the sleeping Albatross, Till, rudely startled by their restless roar, He wanders, screaming, to his desart shore.

But to counterbalance so many bits of the bad, we shall now close with one long examlsles of the best—
Isles of the orient—gardens of the east!
Thou giant secret of the liquid waste,
Long ages in untrodden paths concealed,
Or, but in glimpses faint and few revealed, Like some chimera of the ocean-caves. Some dark and sphinx-like riddle of the waves, Till he—the northern Œdipus—unfurled His venturous sail, and solved it to the world! Surpassing beauty sits upon thy brow, But darkness veils thy all of time, save now; Enshrouded in the shadows of the past, And secret in thy birth as is the blast. If, when the waters and the land were weighed. Thy vast foundations in the deep were laid; Or, 'mid the tempests of a thousand years,'
Where through the depths her shell the mermaid

steers, Mysterious workmen wrought unseen at thee, And reared thee, like a Babel, in the sea: If Afric's dusky children sought the soil Which yields her fruits without the tiller's toil; Or, southward wandering on his dubious way, Came to thy blooming shores the swarth Malay

Tis darkness all:-long years have o'er thee rolled.

Their flight unnoted, and their tale untold : The promised valleys of his prophet's saints;
Bright with the brightness which the poet's eye
Flings of er the long-lost boyen, of Arphy. Flings o'er the long-lost bowers of Araby :-The soul of beauty haunts thy sunny glades;
The soul of music whispers through thy shades;
And nature, gazing on her loveliest plan,
Sees all supremely excellent—but Man!

Upon the whole, we are induced to look upon Mr. Hervey as a youthful poet of considerable promise. He has much to unlearn; and if he will consult the volume reviewed in this Number of our Gazette (Sir E. Brydges') he will save us the trouble of offering him advice here, and have his attention pointed to many matters worthy of his deep study.

Original Letters, illustrative of English History; including numerous Royal Letters: From Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other Collections. With Notes and Illustrations by Henry Ellis, F.R.s. and Sec. s.A., &c. &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London 1824. Harding, Triphook, & Lepard.

THESE volumes are with perfect propriety dedicated to George the Fourth; the larger portion of their contents being derived from that repository which His Majesty's love of literature has enriched with a gift "greater than has been bestowed by any Sovereign upon any Nation since the library of the Ptolemies was founded at Alexandria." Here, may it please Heaven, the resemblance cease; and these hallowed stores be preserved by British bravery and intelligence, unscathed in the midst of a free people, till "the crack of

Of Mr. Ellis's competency to edit such a work as the present, we would a priori have expressed our entire conviction; but he has really performed his task in a manner so satisfactory and so able, that our respect for his judgment and intelligence, high as it was before, has been greatly raised. The letters are chosen with much discrimination, and not only throw strong lights upon many interesting points of our national history, but, in a remarkable manner, illustrate a number of political questions hitherto involved in inexplicable intricacy, and exhibit pictures of early society which, if not altogether new, well merit to be associated with those valuable and agreeable revivals for which we are indebted to such men as Camden, Bourne, Gough, Strutt, Brand, &c. &c. In his Pre-face we are glad to observe Mr. Ellis taking the same view of his subject which we have always entertained since we could form an opinion upon it.

"They who desire correct information of the history of their country (he states) must not limit their reading to the work of the general historian exclusively.

" History, confined to the greater events which it records, is usually certain and true: but in the colonring which writers give it, and which they are proud to call the philosophy of history, it is too frequently erroneous. Characters are drawn by those who could not know the persons they describe: facts are imperceptibly perverted to the uses of party; and events which owe their origin to the

simplest, are often traced back to the re-motest causes. Thus circumstanced, History, however comprehensive in its view, partakes

too much of the embellished nature of Ro-

"To remove doubts, to verify facts, and to form a clear conception of particular events, the reader must seek subsidiary aid in the dispersed materials of History; of which, ORIGINAL LETTERS of EMINENT PERSONS IN important portion: and they exist in this Country, in an uninterrupted succession, for more than five Centuries.

These bear the impress of their respective times: and, whilst many of them regard affairs in which the writers were actively gaged, all afford a closer and more familiar view of characters, manners, and events, than the pen of the most accomplished compiler of regular history, even if he might be

trusted, could supply.
"They unravel causes of action which without their aid would be impenetrable; and even throw new light upon parts of history which superficial readers suppose to be ex-

hansted.

We entirely concur with these data, and would even go farther with regard to some of them, for we look upon what is called comprehensive history to be almost invariably the mere offspring of theory and speculation; where the truth is perverted, and a superhuman intelligence assumed which is inconsistent with reason and common sense. Letters like this collection, on the contrary, detail facts upon which all may draw their own conclusions: they do not pretend to inform us what such a monarch thought at such a time, or how such a vassal felt. But though we yield so much of our credence to these docunents, we would still, with reference to them, be cautious as to pinning our faith unre-servedly upon their statements. The writers, it is true, "were actively engaged" in the events they describe; and this is the very ground upon which we are called upon to consider their interests in these affairs, their relative situations, and the inducements they may have had to lean to one side or another, to speak the direct truth or to pervert it Such circumstances must occur to every reader of a sound understanding when perusing works like this of Mr. Ellis; and he will pause to reflect on the position in which the writers stand quoad the parties addressed and the parties who furnish his subject-matter. But we are detained too long from the important considerations which claim our attention in the author's labours. We are sensible that our space will not allow us to do them justice but we feel at the same time that they will supply us with several papers, so interesting, that they will not only please in themselves,

but create a desire to possess the volumes whence they are derived.

Of these, the first presents letters from the period of Henry v. (when epistolary correspondence in English may be said to commence,*) about A.D. 1418, to the year 1529

when the sceptre was held by the viiith of the same name.

The pains taken by the Kings of England to keep the kingdom of Scotland in a state of ceaseless turmoil, treason, and rebellion, is made manifest in many instances by these letters. In the time of Henry VII. we find a Lord Bothwell a spy and agent of that politic monarch; and afterwards an Earl of Angus, a prioress of Coldstream, and others, figure in the same infamous and detestable character. This Bothwell (a Ramsay, of Corstonn, a favourite of James III., who escaped from Bellthe-Cat and his associates at Lauder, and was two years after raised to the peerage as Baron of Bothwell,) in 1496 did good service to his country's foe by the intelligence with which he supplied him. Henry was then extremely anxious about the motions of Perkin Warbeck at the Scottish court; to which the following extracts from Bothwell's letters relate:

"Sr, I ondirstand, ye xxviii day of August, yar com a man ont of Carlell to Perkin, and eftir Perkin brought him in to ye King I remanit to ondirstand ye mater. I was informit secretely yat yis man sould have cummyn fra Randell of Dacre, broder to ye lord Dacre, and fra the Sceltonis for mekyll Scelton yat

is her had ye convoyanc of him.

"Sr, ondoutitly thir Northumbi land men commonys schrevitly at dayis of meting, and at dayis secretly apoinctit betwix yam and Scottsmen; and evere day throw yam yirb va-gabunds escapis, cummyn to Perkin; and sundry w'tings'e cummys; and now newlinge and Hatfeld yat was wonnt dwell with my lord of Oxinfurd, and he tellis mony tydings.

"Sr, sen it is yat ye King of Scotts will in no wyse be inclinit to ye gud of peax nor amyte, without he haf his mynd fulfiliit efter our last commonyng with my lord of Duresme in Berwick, I trast verraly zour Graice sail have zonr intent sa zonr sudgetts her indevo yam well, for surly yis Jornay ye king intends to mak, is contrar ye will of ye haill pepill, and yai ar not well apoinctit therfor, and will Grace send bot douxen . Chyftains f and men of autorite to renlle, I dout not, with ye fok s yat ar her, zour Grace sall have ye best day-werk of zour inemys yt ony King of Eng-

lond had yis jC.h zers. - - - "Schir, I commend my servis humbly to zour Hightnes, and all this lang tyme I have remaint ondir respit and assurans within ye realm of Scotland, and mast in ye court about ye King, geven attendans and making lauboris to do zour Graice ye best serves I can, and has full oft tymes solist ye Kings hightnes and all ye weill avisit lordes of his Realm to lef ye favor and supports yak geve to yis fenyt boy, and stand in amyte and gud love and peax with zour hightnes, to ye quhilk ye King in his ansurs and wourdis sayis alwayis he wald erest; sa he myt have sic things con-

wald crest is a he myt have sic things confind plenty preserved in two or three of the Cottonian Volumes. There is a French letter of Hugh le Despenser as early as 1319, giving orders for the defence of his castles: and several occur in the same language, relating to the affairs of Edward the Third. There is a Latin letter of Richard the Second to Albert Duke of Bavaria, complaining of the turbulence of his nobility: and another from Henry the Fourth to Tamerlane, congratulating him upon his victory over Bapazet.

"It is not irrelative to this part of our subject to mention, that the carliest Royal Signature known, of this country, is a syet unpublished. It is the Signature of King Richard the Second. It occurs once in the Cottonian Library affixed to a paper which concerns the surrender of Brest. It is Le Roy R. E. There is another document remaining among the Records in the Tower, with a similar signature affixed."

* shrewdly. * one. * folk. * kthey. * better. * a docen. * h hundred. * first.

one. s folk. k the a dozen. h hundred, l first b their. e a dozen. h hundre c writings. f chieftains. i giving.

cludit as my lord of Duresme com for; an gyf yat be not, I ondirstand without dout yis instant xv. day of September the King, with all ye haill m peple of his realm he can mak, wilbe at Ellam kyrk within x myll of ye marchis of England, and Perkin and his company with hym; the quhilk ar now in noum' xiiijC. of all maner of acionis"; and without question has now concludit to enter within yis zonr Realm ye xvij. day of ye sam monetht in ye quarrell of yis said fenit boy, notwithstanding it is agens ye mynds of nerrest ye hall o nonm' of his barronr' and peple, bat p for ye danger y' y'of a myght follow, and for ye inconvenience of ye ceaison ; notwithstanding yis sempill woulfulnes can not be removit out of ye Kings mynd for na persuasion nor mean, I trast verraly, that God will he be punyst be zour mean, for ye cruell consent of ye mourdir of his fadyr." It is hardly worth while to pursue the no-

tices of Perkin any farther; but our readers will not fail to mark the direct charge of parricide made against King James in the con-

cluding sentence.

Mr. Ellis justly remarks, that the letters which "relate to Perkin Warbeck, and that which gives Henry the Seventh's reasons for declining to join the Pope against the Turk, are probably the most important, in the first section of his work":—the last is believed to be the composition of Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who schooled the still greater Wolsey in the acts of political intrigue; and is altogether a memorable document, and extremely characteristic of the King's counting and duplicity. After reciting the Pope's Breve (An. 17. of the King,) and especially showing, "that he, of his goode mynde, with the uttermoost of his goods, and his brothern the Cardenalls in like wise with their goods, will doo all that in theym is to withstonde the malice of the said Turke; and, ferthermore in defence of the Cristen feith, our said holie fader the Pope, of his entire and blissed mynd, so that he may have assistence of the King of Spayne or the King of Fraunce in their persones, will goo in his owen propre person to oppresse the greate and moost cruell malice of the same Turke. -

" Ferthermore the same our holy fader hath requyred and desired the Kings Grace, that, seing yf remedie be not had this wynter the Turke is like next somer to be in the parties of Italie to the subversion of Cristen feith, to call the Nobles of this lond to gidders' without delay, and to understand their mynde in this behalf. And the Pope is Holynesse thinketh it right according, that the King in his person, with Navy convenyent, yeve his assistence ayenst the Turke in his partie, and desireth the Kings Grace to be certified spedely, when, in persone, with what Navy, and in to what place he will applie."

We have His Majesty's answer, among other matters too long for extract, upon sun-

dry points, as follows

he Contents of the Premisses considered, the Kings Grace hath be, is, and allway withe as sorie as any Cristen Prince that the Turke shuld eny thing attempt ayenst the Cristen Religion, and willeth and desireth as moche as any Cristen Prince, that the same Turke may be so at this tyme withstand, rebuked, and punysshed, that he ne noon of his successours shall dare hereafter so temerously any thyng attempt ayenst the Cristen feith. -

^{* &}quot;Prior to the reign of Henry the Fifth, specimens of English correspondence are rare. Letters previous to that time, were usually written in French or Latin; and were the productions chiefly of the great and the learned. The letters of learned men were verbose treatises, mostly on express subjects: those of the great, who employed scribes, from their formality frequently resembled legal instruments. We have nothing earlier than the fifteenth century which can be called a Familiar Letter. The material too, upon which letters were written, up to the same period, was usually vellum: very few instances indeed occurring, of more ancient date, of letters written upon paper.

upon paper.
"The reader who desires to see original specimens of the French and Latin letters of the earlier periods, will

q that thereof. s together.

"And sorie the King's Highnesse is that the rule and governance of the said Shippes he, seing the distaunce of his Reyme from thos parties may not conveniently with his Navy and power, in so holy a purpose, yeve assistence according to his mynde."

He commends the Pope for offering to put even his own sacred person in peril, and also the Kings of France and Spain, for promising to join in the enterprise, particularly as " the assistence of thos ij. Princes may be yeven with lesse than half the charge of other Princes may, being in further parties." But he adds, showing his desire to keep safe at home out

of the quarrel and free from the expense,
"And where the Popes Holynesse desiret
to know the Kings mynde, with what Navie,
and at what tyme he will personally come to resiste the said Turks malice,

"The Kings Grace sheweth that he hath as

goode zele and love to the diffence of the Christen feith as any Prince lyvyng: and, according to the tenour of the Popes brief hath called the nobles of this land, aswell spirituell as temporall, being of his Counseil in this behalf, the which Counsaillours after long communicacion and greate resonyng, ought that if the King shulde send any help or Navy by the See it shulde litle prouffite, considering the ferre distance of thos parties so to be besegied, troubled, or obsessed by the said Turke; and also the Englisshe maryners have not ben accustumed to sail any forther but to Pyses which is not half the Jorney for it is vj. or vij. monethes sailyng from Pises to thos parties where they myght do the Turke any novance; and so all cost doon by see shulde litle or nothing proficte in this behalf.

"Item, the said Counseillours say that the Galees commyng from Venues towards England be commonly vij. monethes sailyng, and som tyme more. Also they say that if soo be the King shuld send from his Royame his Navie by the see, the men being in the same shuld nede twise or thries vitailling or they shuld come where they shuld applie, and yet then peradventure they shuld applie where no socour wold be had. And also the said shippes myght be sore troubled with contrarie wyndes, so that they shuld not com to doo any goode in this greate cause: and also considering the greate stormes and perilles of the see which comonly fortune and happe, me see which comonly fortune and happe, and parteth shippes and driveth theym to severall coosts, and twiseth theym often tymes to perisshe, and soo there shuld be grete costs and chargies doon by the King, and yet noo noysaunce therby doon to the said Turk.

Yf ther shulde be any noumbre of Shippes and men, and suche as were according to the Kings honour, sent for the said expedicion, yet considering the distance of his Rialme and the nyghnes of their Roialmes, the Kings costs and charges, albe it thei shuld be very large, shuld appere ferre lesse then the chargies of the other princes being nerer thos parties, the which myght with ferre lesse cost send ten thousand then the Kings Grace two thousand.

"Item, if the King shuld prepaire capitaignes and other men of warre, and apparaill, and habilyments, and necessaries to the said Shippes, it shuld be May, whatsoever dili-gence were doon on the Kings partie, or they should be readie to saill : and it shuld be the last ende of Septembr or the said Shippes shuld passe the streits of Marroka; and grete difficultie to fynde any maryners hable to take

sailyng into so jeoperdous and ferre parties. The premisses considered it is hard and almost not faisible to send any Navy thidder for any profict by theym to be doon therin.

The Kings Highnesse gretly soroweth, and moore then he can expresse, that in so laudable and holy Expedicion he can not yeve the Popes Holynes so profictable assistence by the See as his mynde is, thinking that for warre to be made by the see, oonly oon Prince heede ruler and governor of grete auctorite, power, name, dignite, police b, and wisdom is to be adjoyned to the Popes Holynesse in this behalve, to the which Prince all other Princes, after according and convenient rates in this behalve may be contributorie: and best it were to have not many rulers and governours; for where be many hedes and governours, oftentymes ther is moche distance, divisions, and debats.

"And yf it should please his Cosyn the King of France, or his Cousyn and affyne the King of Spayne, to take the charge of soo holy an Expedicion, considering the commodities of Ports, Navies, and vitaill which the said Princes have plentie of, and the nerenes of dyvers Isles unto the said Turkes, ther is no Prince so convenient as oon of the said Princes." - - -

This long quotation is not only politically and historically curious; but its description of the time necessarily consumed in voyages and in preparations for war, affords a singular idea of the era to which it belongs. Lord Surrey's challenges to James IV. previous to the fatal battle of Flodden, are also remarkable,-particularly as regards the identification of the King's corpse, which fact is not however clearly elucidated,

> (To be continued.) c relation. b policy.

Flora Historica; or, The Three Seasons of the British Parterre. By Henry Phillips. 8vo. 2 vols. 1824. E. Lloyd & Son, London, and Constable, Edinburgh.

Every body loves flowers, from the cottager, proud of his solitary rose tree, to the connoisseur who ruins himself in tulips: the fine lady who adorns her drawing-room, the cobbler who cherishes his single pot of mint, the poet who illustrates his stanzas, all love flowers; and popular as the themes are on which Mr. Phillips has before written, we doubt whether he ever took up a more popular than the one he now embellishes with all that anecdote and a light and amusing style can do for a subject so interesting in itself. Such a book as this requires no letters of introduction; we shall therefore touch and take at random, as fate, "which erring men call chance," directs.

MIGNONETTE. Reseda Odorata.

"Natural Order Miscellanea. Capparides and Reseducea, Juss: a Genus of the Dodecandria Trigynia Class.

the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling.'—Cowper.
'Vos qualités surpassent vos charmes.'

"It is not yet an age since this fragrant weed of Egypt first perfumed the European gardens, yet it has so far naturalized itself to our climate as to spring from seeds of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odour from the parterre of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager,

"In less than another age we predict without the aid of Egyptian art,) that the children of our peasants will gather this luxurious little plant amongst the wild flowers of our hedge-rows.

" The Reseda Odorata first found its way to the south of France, where it was welcomed by the name of Mignonette, Little-darling, which was found too appropriate for this sweet little flower to be exchanged for any By a manuscript note in the library of the late Sir Joseph Banks, it appears that the seed of the Mignonette was sent in 1742, by Lord Bateman, from the Royal Garden at Paris, to Mr. Richard Bateman, at Old Windsor; but we should presume that this seed was not dispersed, and perhaps not cultivated beyond Mr. Bateman's garden, as we find that Mr. Miller received the seed from Dr. Adrian Van Royen, of Leyden, and cultivated it in the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, in the year 1752. From Chelsea it soon got into the gardens of the London florists so as to enable them to supply the metropolis with plants to farnish out the balconies, which is noticed by Cowper, who attained the age of twenty-one in the year that this flower first perfumed the British atmosphere by its fragrance. The author of the Task soon aftergrance. wards celebrates it as a favourite plant in London.

Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed.

"The odonr which this little flower exhales is thought by some, whose olfactories are delicate, to be too powerful for the house, but even those persons we presume must be de-lighted by the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets of London, giving something like a breath of garden air to the "close-pent man," whose avocations will not permit a ramble beyond the squares of the fashionable part of the town. To such it must be a luxurious treat to catch a few ambrosial gales on a summer's evening from the heated pavement, where offensive odours are but too frequently met with, notwithstanding the good regulations for cleansing, the streets and the natural cleanliness of the inhabitants in general. We have frequently found the perfume of the Mignonette so powerful in some of the better streets of London, that we have considered it sufficient to protect the inhabitants from those effluvias which bring disorders in the air. The perfume of Mignonette in the streets of our metropolis reminds us of the fragrance from the roasting of coffee in many parts of Paris, without which some of their streets of business in that city would scarcely be endurable in the rainy season of the year.

"The Sweet Reseda or Mignonette is now said to grow naturally in some parts of Barbary, as well as in Egypt. Monsieur Desfontaines observed it growing in the sands near Mascar in the former country, but it might have been accidentally scattered there, or have escaped from the gardens of the Moors.

"This genus of plants, of which we have twelve species, was named Reseda by the ancients, from resedure to assuage, because some of the species were esteemed good for mitigating pains; and we learn from Pliny, that the Reseda was considered to possess even the power of charming away many disorders. He tells us, that it grew near the city of Ari-minum, now Rimini in Italy, and that when it was used to resolve swellings, or to assuage inflammations, it was the custom to repeat the following words, thrice spitting on the ground at each repetition :

Reseda, norther Reseda, relane, seine, quia hie pulles Radicea nee caput nee pedes habeant. [egerit? Reseda, cause these maladies to coare : knowest thee, Rowest thou, who hath driven these pullets here? Let the roots have neither head nor foot.

"We notice these absurd superstitions of the ancients, which are scarcely yet extinct in many country villages of this and other countries, to show how much the minds of the ignorant have always been prone towards the marvellous, and not that we

Hold each strange tale devoutly true.

"Although it is so short a time since the Sweet Reseda has been known in Europe, we find that it has crept into the armorial bearings of an illustrious family of Saxony; an as Cupid does not so frequently bestow ho-mours of heraldry as his father Mars, we can not avoid relating the romantic tale which introduced this fragrant and modest little flower to the Parsuivant-at-Arms.

" The Count of Walsthim was the declared lover and intended spouse of Amelia de Nordbourg, a young lady possessing all the charms necessary for the heroine of a modern novel, excepting that she took delight in creating little jealousies in the breast of her destined husband. As the beautiful Ame-lia was an only child of a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing but few personal charms, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy as a companion, and as a stimulus to her educa-The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to attract much attention in the circles in which her gay consin shone with so much splendonr, which gave her frequent opportunities of dispensing a part of that instruction she had received on the more humble class of her own sex. Reng from one of these charitable visits, entering the gay saloon of her aunt, where her entry or exit was now scarcely noticed, she found the party amused in se-lecting flowers, whilst the Count and the other beaux were to make verses on the choice of each of the ladies. Charlotte was desired to make her selection of a flower; the sprightly Amelia had taken a Rose; others a Carnation, a Lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth compliment; and the delicate idea of Charlotte in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a sprig of Mignonette in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the flirtation of her gay cousin with a dashing colunel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing-room than in the field of battle, attracted the notice of the Count so as to make his uneasiness visible, which the aniable Charlotte, who, ever studions of Amelia's real happiness, wished to amuse and to call back the mind of her cousin, demanded the verse for the rose. The Count saw this affectionate trait in Charlotte's conduct, took out his pencil, and wrote for the Rose,

Elle ne vit qu'un jour, et ne plait qu'un mou which he gave to the lovely daughter, at the same time presenting the humble cousin with

this line on the Mignonette Ses qualités surpassent ses charmes.

"Amelia's pride was roused, and she reta liated by her attention to the colonel and neglect of the Count, which she carried so far as to throw herself into the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The Count transferred his affections from heanty

and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness, and delivered him from a councite, he added a branch of the Sweet Reseda to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto,

Your qualities surpass your charms.

"The Mignonette is one of the plants whose unassuming little flowers never weary our sight; it is therefore made the image of those interesting persons whom time cannot change, and who, although deficient in daz-zling beauty, attach us for life, when once they have succeeded in pleasing without its aid. Hence it is but a natural desire that we should wish to give an annual plant a perennial existence, which has, in a great measure, been accomplished, since the odorous Tree Mignonette is now frequently to be met with, and which was at first supposed to have been a different variety when Lady Whitshed introduced it from Liege about the year 1816, and who received it from M. L'Abbé L'Arbaleste of that city; a spot made familiar to many readers, by the scenes which the popular an thor of Quentin Durward has recited as pass-

ing in that ancient commercial town. - - - "Soon after the introduction of the Hydrangea, it was observed that some of the plants produced flowers of a fine blue colour, but the cause of this change could not be easily accounted for, since the cuttings had been taken from plants with rose-coloured flowers. Some supposed that it was caused by oxide of iron, whilst others concluded that it originated from salt or salt-petre being accidentally mixed in the earth. We remem-ber seeing a fine plant of this description with beautiful blue flowers at a cottage situ-ated on a dreary common in Hampshire, where no one could at that time have expected to have found a common-coloured Hydrangea. The owner of the plant refused ten guineas for this flower, as it was the only one that had been seen in the country, and the cir-cumstance of a poor cottager's having refused so large a sum for a plant, excited great curiosity, and brought all the neighbouring inhabitants to see it. The poor woman, al-though she did not like to part with the plant that had been reared by a child whom she had lost, gladly sold cuttings to all that required them, every one of which when they blossomed produced flowers of the original rose-colour.

We have since learnt that the poor woman's plant had been reared from a cutting of the common rose coloured variety, and that the change was owing to its being planted in the soil of the heathy common on which she resided, mixed with a portion of turf ashes, whilst those who obtained cuttings planted them in good garden soil. - -

VERVAIN. Verbena

"Natural Order Personata. Vitices and Verbenacea, Juss: a Genus of the Didynamia Gymnospermia Class.

She night-shade strews to work him ill,
Therewith the Vervaia, and her dill,
That hind reth witches of their will.—Drayton. Verveine, chasse-mal que les dieux out chéri, Montre-moi ta puissance, et d'amour me guéri. Passerat.

"The very name of this plant seems to carry our thoughts back to the darkest ages of superstition, and we cannot look upon the Vervain with that indifference with which we regard most other humble herbs; for however ridiculous or absurd the religious

quity and their national unanimity. Although we now see the Vervain stripped of all its reverential regard, it still attracts our notice as it should our gratitude, that we are permitted to live in days when the terror of ignorant superstition has been banished by the

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"The Vervain played a considerable part in the impositions which were practised upon the credulous in ancient times, and hence it is so frequently mentioned in profane history. The Magi of the ancient Elamites or Persians made great use of this plant in their worship or adoration of the sun, always carrying branches of it in their hands when they approached the altar. The magicians also employed the Vervain in their pretended divinations, and affirmed that by smearing the body over with the juice of this plant, the person would obtain whatever he set neart upon, and be enabled to reconcile the most inveterate enemies, make friends with whom he pleased, gain the affections and cure the diseases of whom he listed. When they cut this plant it was always done when neither the sun or moon was visible, and they poured honey and honeycomb on the earth as an atonement for robbing it of so precious an herb.

"The Greeks called it Tepasorary, the Sacred Herb, and it was with this plant only that they cleansed the festival table of Jupiter before any great solemnity took place, and hence, according to Pliny, the name of Verbena is derived. It was also one of the plants which was dedicated to the Goddess of Beauty. Venus the victorious wore a crown of Myrtle interwoven with Vervain.

"The Romans continued the use of this plant in their sacred rites, sweeping their temples and cleansing their altars with it, and temples and cleaning their atta's with it, and sprinkling holy water with the branches. They also hallowed or partited their houses, with it to keep off evil spirits. Their ambas-sadors or heralds at arms, wore crowns of Vervain when they went to denounce war or give defiance to their enemies; and which is

thus noticed by Drayton, A wreath of Vervain heralds wear, Amongst our garlands named, Being sent that dreadful news to bear,

Offensive war proclaimed.
"The Druids, both in Gaul and in Britain, regarded the Vervain with the same veneration which they bestowed on the Misletoe, and like the magi of the east, they offered sacrifices to the earth before they cut this plant in the spring, which was a ceremony of great pomp. Pliny tells us that the Druids made use of it in casting lots, and in drawing. omens, and in other pretended magical arts.

Dark superstition's whisper dread Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic mare, And blast the rash beholder's gaze.'
WALTER SCOTT.

"The Draids held their power through the superstition of the people, and as they were great pretenders to magic and divination, they excited the admiration, and took advantage of the ignorance and credulity of man-kind, for by these arts they pretended to work miracles and to exhibit astonishing appearances in nature, as well as to penetrate into the counsels of heaven.

"Divested of these pretended powers, there is no doubt but that the Druids were better acquainted with the medicinal properprofligate, who brought her to ruin. The customs of the ancient heathens may appear there is no doubt but that the Druids were count transferred his affections from heanty in modern times, still they will obtain a share better acquainted with the medicinal properto amiability; and rejoicing in the exchange, of our respect, both on account of their anti-

their day, since their residences being in the recesses of mountains, groves and woods, where vegetable productions were constantly courting their attention, it is natural to suppose that they would in some measure become equainted with the qualities of plants in eneral. That the Druids of Gaul and Britain applied themselves to this study and made great use of herbs for medical purposes, we have sufficient evidence, since we learn from scattered hints in Pliny's Natural History, that they sometimes extracted the juice of herbs and plants, by hruising and steeping them in cold water, and sometimes by infusion in wine; that they made potions and decoctions by boiling them in water; and we learn also that they frequently dried certain herbs before infusing them, and that they administered some plants by fumigations, and practised the art of making salves and ointments of vegetables, for which they had great renown even at Rome, to which city they exported the Vervain, and it was hence called Britannica.

"Although so many ages have passed away since the Druids and their pretended spells have been abolished, yet we frequently meet with lingering sparks of their imagined light amongst the vulgar, who upon every occasion cling to superstition as eagerly as the intimidated infant clings to the breast of a fond

mother. " Madame de Latour tells as that the shepherds in the northern provinces of France still continue to gather the Vervain under different faces of the moon, using certain mysterious ejaculations known only to them-selves, whilst in the act of collecting this herb, by whose assistance they attempt to cure not only their fellow-servants but masters also, of various complaints, and they profess to charm both the flocks and the rural belles with this plant.

"The Germans to this day present a hat of Vervain to the new-married bride, as if to put her under the protection of Venus victorious, which is evidently the remains of ancient customs.

"Vervain is now very properly made the emblem of superstition.

"The common Vervain, officinalis, is a native of our soil, and is principally found by road sides, in dry sunny pastures and waste places about villages. Mr. Miller remarks, that although Vervain is very common, yet it is never found above a quarter of a mile from a house, which has occasioned its being called Simpler's Joy. However it appears not to be entirely confined to such situations, since Dr. Withering observes, that it is very plentiful at the foot of St. Vincent's rocks, all along the course of the river. This species grows also in most parts of Europe, Barbary, China, Cochin-China, and Japan. Its flowers form spikes of a pale lilac colour, which continue in blossom during the whole

"The Verbena Supina is also an European species of this genera of plants, and is indi-genous to the South of Europe. We have fourteen other species of Vervain, collected principally from America and the Indies, but

whether externally applied or internally taken. For this purpose it seems however to have been more frequently employed exter-nally, the bruised leaves and stalks being used as a cataplasm. It was also much used for wounds.

Black melancholy rusts, that fed despair Through wounds long rage, with sprinkled Ver-vain cleared. - DAVENANT."

With Mr. Pickersgill's beautiful picture in the last Exhibition to inspire, and Mr. Phillips's volumes to direct, our ladies may soon become as great proficients in making flowers the sweet interpreters of sweeter thoughts, as any of the fair Orientals: nor has Mr. Phillips forgotten the many and fanciful meanings of leaves and colours. But we have so often spoken in such high terms of this author, that "having exhausted old words," we are rather at a loss " to imagine new:" our best praise is, that these volumes equal their predecessors.

HAWKINS' MEMOIRS .- (Concluding Notice.) As there is no distinct chain of connexion in Miss Hawkins' volumes, we resume them without a link.

The excuse for a number of rather uninteresting matters is here made, when Miss H. says-

"One of the greatest pleasures which I hoped to find in putting together these vo-lumes, was, that they might afford me opportunity of preserving the memory of persons, not of sufficient importance to find a place in history, and not addicted to pursuits which could place them in any class of biography, but still chaining remembrance for private worth; dear to me from the sense of obligation; or exhibiting singularities of character which it is amusing to contemplate,

The beginning of the second volume is occupied with the history of a class of persons, which is not usual in female penmanship; but as a lady does give us the memoirs of the courtezans of the day, we suppose we may without offence illustrate this portion of her work by a relation which connects one of them (the celebrated Mrs. Robinson,) with the Fine Arts in an extraordinary manner-

"I was (says Miss H.) going to speak, and let no one fear I will tell all or half that I know, of the Perdita of her day, who attracted our notice very early in her career, by re-siding in the same street with us. One such lady had before graced our neighbourhood; but it was not till a very extraordinary equipage was seen wheeling about the street, that the politeness of her husband was manifest.

Our Perdita set off at a different rate. She too, indeed, had a husband, and she had a mother, and a young child! all living with her! She was unquestionably very beautiful, but more so in face than figure; and as she proceeded in her course, she acquired a remarkable facility in adapting her deportment to her dress. When she was to be seen daily in St. James's Street and Pall Mall, even in her chariot this variation was striking. Today she was a paysanne, with her straw hat tied at the back of her head, looking as if too day site was a paysanze, with her straw hat a socient connexion with ancient tied at the back of her head, looking as if too anecdote we pass them to observe that the Vervain, which held so high a rank amongst be too the passed, to know what she passed, to know what she passed to have introduced the pertrait voked at. Yesterday she, perhaps, had been the passed at the passed at the passed, to know what she is ested Village, he is said to have introduced the pertrait looked at. Yesterday she, perhaps, had been the passed at the passed belte of Hyde Park, trimmed, perhaps that quitted with the words, was brought to his retail in the dressed belte of Hyde Park, trimmed, patched, painted to the utmost collection by one of his brothers, a lad, putting his inower of rouge and white lead; to-morrow, passed in attributing to it the properties of religion to the constraint of the dressed belte of the dressed belte of the dressed belte of Hyde Park, trimmed, patched, painted to the utmost collection by one of his brothers, a lad, putting his inower of rouge and white lead; to-morrow, passed them it in the creative mean than the creative mean the passed to have introduced the pertrait vine was much amused when the rustility which he himpower of mean distinct mean than the creative mean than the creat

hats of the fashionable promenaders swept

"But, in her outset, 'the style' was a high phaeton, in which she was driven by the fa-voured of the day, three candidates and her husband were outriders; and this in the face of the congregations turning out of places of

" She has written works of genius, and her own Memoirs; but I once heard more of her than is told there, and, I believe, from good authority, as it was from a lady, whose bro-ther was employed to save her husband from the effects of his own misconduct. He was, as, alas! is too often to be alleged in mitigation of profligacy, the natural son of a man of rank, and bred to the law, but idle and dissipated. These qualities soon brought him to the goal at which they seem to alm, the King's Bench Prison, whither his father remitted to him, by the hand of the gentleman to whom I allude, a guinea a week. Employment in writing was also offered him; and he might, by these means, have retrieved his circumstances; but he would do nothing. In this depth of misery, his wife was eminently meritorious; she had her child to attend to, she did all the work of their apartments, she

even scoured the stairs, and accepted the writing and the pay which he had refused!

About the year 1778, she appeared on the stage, and gained, from the character in which she charmed, the name of 'Perdita' She then started in one of the new streets of Mary-la-bonne, and was in her altitude. Afterward, when a little in the wane, she resided under protection in Berkeley Square, and appeared to guests as mistress of the house, as well as of its master. Her manners and conversation were said, by those invited, to want refinement and decorum.

"She now, in the hope of an aristocratic establishment, would have bribed her husband largely to renounce her; but in both schemes she was folled. - + -

"Connected with the atrocions publicity of these proceedings, was the deplorable ruin of one of the most promising artists that ever graced this country. This was Sherwin the engraver, whom a benevolent patron brought out of the woods of Sussex, where he followed his father's occupation of cutting pegs for ships. Through this medium, he was placed with Bartolozzi; and while under his instruc-tion, astomshed the world of taste by his ex-quisite engraving of what is called 'the Marborough gem.' He then came forward, but in an irregular way, not at all indicating a disposition to sit down industriously to his own branch of the graphic art; but taking an expensive house in St. James's Street, where his attention was every other minute claimed by equipages and eccentricities, he went into a desultory variety of drawing, painting, and engraving, in which any one acquainted with the slow progress of the graver, may guess which most occupied him.

"Generous and kind-hearted to the utmost, no sooner did the prospect of success encourage him, than he called up his relations, made gentlemen of them, and tried to associate them in his credit.*

"He now became at once the fashion, and fashion's assidnous votary. Scarlet and nankeen was the spring costome of the men of ton; and I have heard from one who was at that time his pupil, that he had had four scarlet coats made for him, before he could obtain the colour that satisfied his artist-eye. Fortunately he had, I believe, as many brothers

tunstely he had, I believe, as many brothers as rejected coats.

"He now projected his picture of the Finding, of Moses; and somehow or other there was a little Moses ready found for the purpose, and with hearly as much of whisper and caution as that which attended on the birth of his original. A sketch was made of the subject, which certainly was in a very masterly style, and to which Sr J. H. paid great attention as it proceeded. Our eldest great attention as it proceeded. Our eldest great attention as it proceeded. Our cines, and, as I heard Sherwin say, he intended to have portraits of all the beauties of the day for her attendants. The scheme brought with it its own hindrances; to see the picture in its progress, to see themselves and one aner, the women of fashion were in Sherwin's drawing-room from two to four daily and the cortige of beaux may be conjectured Horses and grooms were cooling before the door; carriages stopped the passage of the street; and the narrow staircase ill sufficed for the number that waited the cautious descent or the laborious ascent of others. The wit of that time would have furnished a com limentary allusion to the vision of the patriarch. The then young Duchess of Rof beauty! but of manners the most chastised : her graceful grace of 'Deva;' Lady Jersey, newly returned from Paris, where her lord and berself had obtained the distinguished title of 'the English couple!' the Waldegraves, daughters of a mother still retaining traces of almost unrivalled beauty, forgotten, even in its prime, by herself, while engaged in conjugal duties the most cruelly demanding; and many others, were there, demanding; and many others, were there, who claimed places, or were solicited to accept them.

Under such patronage, Sherwin used to brag, that, in the course of a spring-morning, all the beauty and fashion in London, from

five to twenty-five, was to be seen in his paint-ing-room. The picture went on accordingly, "But alas! into this national groupe, there was no admission for 'the Perdita.' She felt the exclusion, and to atone for it to herself, she frequented Sherwin's painting-room at other hours, to help him off with his time; consulting him, not only on a portrait of herself, but on circumstances still less connected with the art of engraving; of which indeed Sherwin himself seemed to have lost all sight. She was then a star, but of the second magnitude; had been transferred downward, to her great mortification, and was catching at reeds to support her. Her chariot had been set out in the best style, and she had opened set out in the best style, and she had opened to Sherwin all the plan of the pretty basket of five round flowers, which surmounted the rosewreath disposed into M. R.; she had brought him to coniess, that, at a distance, this basket did deceive the eye into the notion of a five-pearled coronet; but now she meditated something more striking; a vis-a-vis, the seat-

cloth of which should cost as much as the former carriage. In this consultation was interwoven that of the character in which she would be painted; she chose, and not without would be painted; she chose, and not without weighty consideration, the Abra of Solomon kneeling at the feet of her master! But who should be the idolatrons prince? Sherwin told me he could guess the scheme, but not choosing to further it, he proposed the secondary dominant;—he said it was impossible to express the indignation with which she repulled the substitution. *Kneel to him?" pelled the substitution. 'Kneel to him?' said she, 'I will die first.' This picture proceeded not at all, but it served to talk al and invitations to dinner kept her alive in the attention of the artist.

" But both were westering. The expectation of an heir to the noble house of Cavendish, quite overset his equanimity. In his devotion to it, on its being announced to him, he fired pistols out at his windows half the night, and half drowned his pupils, for, sad

to say! he had pupils, in punch.
"These excesses, which had at first but slight cause, soon recurred without any; and, from habit, he would keep vigils to atone for lost time; and then, instead of the slowpaced graver, the rapid crayon was called orth; and to supply the exigencies of the heads which royal munificence converted into gold. But this could not hold out long: ' the sabbath shone no sabbath-day' to his young men; their incessant toil was to assist the funds required by thoughtless expense; his admirers shook their heads; he went into an eclipse; he bound himself to work for a printseller; and, after the usual gradations of fortunes, health, and spirits all broken, he expired, foriom and comfortless, in a poor apartment of a public inn in Oxford Street !** From this biographical episode we return

to the pleasantries; and if in arranging them

From ourious order we do swerve,
Tis that herself [the writer] does none observe. "The disposition to write in rhyme, does not in the least prove the power to do it. which were set to music by Mr. Stanley, he employed a man to make the fair copy of them, and his transcriber was so pleased with them, that he not only commended them, but tried his powers in the same way. He told his employer that he too could now write cantatas, and asked him to hear a part of one. Four lines my father, even at the distance of many years, remembered: but I must preface them by saying that the poet was clerk to an attorney, and in a litigation between two brothers, was suspected of having given such information to the defendant, as enabled him to slude the law : to him, therefore, whom he had injured, he addressed the cantata in which these lines were to be found:

Some say I did not use thee well, In fav'ring of thy brother Barlow; But since all that is past and gone, I'll drink thy health now at the Harrow.'

Telling this to Captain Gostling, he requited

me by this anecdote:—
" Bermudas poetry, is an expression almost proverbial in some parts of America.
Its origin is this:—it was agreed by a party

""The picture of the Finding of Moses was at length finished in some sort, and the engraving from it was somehow completed. In addition to all the distraction of mind already mentioned, he began many things on the feeling of the moment, which he never finished; one was the Death of Lord Chatham: another was the Relief of Gibralus."

dining at a tavern in Bermudas, of which place it is said that no native knows what is netre or rhyme, that every one should try to redeem the credit of the country, and that the worst peet of them should pay the reckoning. The palm of demerit was obtained by

'Here she comes, and walks along, A faithful friend is hard to find.'

"I know not whence my father got the lines lescriptive of the landing of Eneas,-

And so without any more ands and ifs, He jumped from off the rocks on to the cliffs," or who proposed the amended reading,-

And so without any more ifs and ands, He jump'd from off the cliffs on to the sands.

" - - Dr. Balthazar Regis, formerly one of the dignitaries of the church of Canterbury, was perhaps as credulous a man as ever existed. He had a brother-in-law of the name of Morrice, who delighted in telling him marvellons tales, which the Doctor would swallow and repeat without the least besitation, vouching all he said on the authority of brother Moreece, as he, being a Swiss, called him. He one day, in the hearing of Captain Gostling, told the following pretty story. 'My brother Moreece has a fish-pond, and all on a sudden the fish were gone; they dragged the pond and afterwards drained it, but not one fish was to be found. At last my brother ordered his men to dig into the mid, and when they had dug a great depth, they perceived a smoke. Digging farther, the smoke increased till they came to a chimney and the roof of a house; they untiled it, and in the room below, found a little old man and woman broiling the very last fish; and if my brother Marcece had not discovered them, and laken them to his own house, they must have been starved

This is a tickler; but our readers must

swallow some more.

"Some officers riding together, came nearly up with a common acquaintance, an Irishman. They stopt to lay a wager, that the first word he uttered would contain an riber many rode der. Accordingly one of the company rode he uttered would contain an Hibernian blunup to him to make the experiment. are well overtaken,' said he to the Irishman. 'The same to you,' said Teague; and tims decided the wager. - - -

"When Lord Ranelagh was paymaster of the forces, there was a very awkward de-ficiency in his accounts. Some officious person whispered it to the King, that it was more than probable it was occasioned by the expensive building the Earl was then carrying on at Chelsea. The King told Lord R. what had been hinted. 'Will your Majesty be so good, replied he, as to tell the next person that says so, that this is impossible, because not a farthing of the money I am laying out

dislike very much the visits of Colonel Broome; and finding them very frequent, and that the Colonel would take no common hint, he adopted the following method. When he wanted him gone, he would beat on the wainscot, with the ends of his fingers, that species of military murch which every soldier knows as a signal to retreat; and the scheme suc-

"The Rev. Mr. Gostling (the Captain's father) dined once in company with Mr. Cole-brooke (the father of Sir George,) where was a haunch of venison. Mr. Colebrooke, perceiving that his reverend neighbour ate with

[&]quot; It is melancholy to reflect, that of these person-oges I can recollect but three surviving. Our princes, and the first named duches are two. I think beside the then Lady Craven, and I um doubtfut whether also whom the name of Isabel belongs, on hearing a gentle-han repeat, I label is a belle, "answerd, "Was a belle," it discovers a greer of which pothing can rob her."

remarking him for some time, 'What would I her little auditor was heard repeating the give, Sir, for your stomach!' 'It is af your precept; but looking round to discover what service at any time,' replied the Minor had brought it into recollection, my friend Canon, 'Then I dress a haunch on Thursday,' answered Mr. C. - - ...

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" A stranger visiting Greenwich Hospital, saw a pensioner in a yellow coat, which is the punishment for disorderly behaviour. Surprised at the singularity of the man's appearance, he asked him what it meant. 'O, Sir,' replied the fellow, 'we who wear yellow coats are the music, and it is I who play the first

" To a son of Mr. Langton I am indebted for the recollection, that in hearing a Frenchman describe the diversion of welf-hunting, the lond repetition of the words, 'Au loup,' mad to animate the dogs, seemed to him to have been imitated in our 'Holloo'.

"I can only hint at what I have heard an Ayrshire friend describe as common to his country folk. In their hospitality, they invite a newly arrived guest to come into, and not as we 'Southrons' coldly do, merely to, the fire to warm yourself; they advise you, not to sit upon, instead of near, the door; and to change your feet, not your shoes, in danger of damp; and enquire if you will have your head.

not your hair, cut. - - "Old Mr. Grove, the table-decker at St. James's, used, as long as he was able, to walk round the Park every day. Dr. Barnard, then a chaplain, met him accidentally in the Mall: 'So, Master Grove,' said he, 'why you look vastly well: do you continue to take your usual walk?' No, Sir,' replied the old man; I cannot do so much now; I cannot get round the Park; but I will tell you what I do instead, - I go half round and back. - -

"When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the coart of Aldermen of the event. He wrote to this effect,—"I am desired to inform the coart of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night, by order of Mrs. Gill.' - -

" A stranger travelling in Scotland was invited to the table of the family of Blair of Blair; and not at all acquainted with the usages of Scotland, he asked a young lady of the name and family, 'Have you been long here?' The anger of Blair of Blair, in being thus, to his feelings, insulted on his own ground, was original. He wrote to the West Iudies, 'The fellow had the impudence to ask if we had been long here!' -

"A family in Edinburgh, not keeping a footman, engaged a highlander to serve them. during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent to his room to inform him that it was on the table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again: still they waited, and the Lady at last said to the man, What can the gentleman be doing?' Please ye, Madam,' said Duncan, ' the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth.'

"Not without humour is a circumstance of recent occurrence. A very sensible mother was endeavouring to impress on the minds and memories of two children, one six, the other four, a well known story, in which the sage maxim, 'Pause before you act,' was in-culcated. The elder quickly comprehended the relation between the tale and the moral, but the younger, who laboured under the disadvantage of having been born abroad, though very attentive, gave no proof of com-prehending what had been said. The next

all the keenness of an 'amateur, said, after morning, however, removed all doubt, when saw the child playing with the cat, and whetting one of its feet against the other, as the action appropriate to the injunction, Paws before you act.' - .

" Of the politeness of a common servantgirl at a little inn, in a very obscure part of Ireland, this is a proof:—They asked how it happened that the house was so full, it not being assize-time. She replied, 'I suppose I must not say it is the goodness of the house, therefore it must be the goodness of the gentlemen.' - - -

"The three following anecdotes I owe to

ably long nose, was once thrown from his horse on the road, a countryman coming up, and seeing he had fallen on his face, looked earnestly at him as he helped him to rise, and enquired if he was not hurt. On the Serjeant's replying in the negative, the fellow grinned, and said, 'Then your ploughshare saved you,

" When Lord Thurlow was Chancellor, he was, at the commencement of the long vacation, quitting the court without taking the usual leave of the Bar. A young Counsel perceiving this, when they were all standing up in expectation, said, 'He might at least have said (what a female pen revolts from repeat-ing) D— ye.' Thurlow certainly heard it, and returned to make his bow.

A very little man with no business at the bar, having taken the utmost pains to make the judge attend to a motion which he had to make, and failing in several attempts, Jekyll, looking up at the beuch, said, ' De minimis non

When Mr. John Yorke was preparing for the settlement of his only child, an accomplished, elegant young woman, by her mar-riage with Mr. Pole Carew, he accounted for calling the family-name Carey, by referring to a time when there were in the House of Commons two members of the names of Walter Carew. Much embarrassment having arisen from this, another member proposed calling one Carew and the other Carey;
'And then,' said he, 'we shall have no more
confusion between What care-1? and What
care-you?' --"When that vacancy happened on the Ex-

chequer Bench, which was afterwards filled by Mr. Adams, the ministry could not agree among themselves whom to appoint. It was debated in council, the king, George II., being present; and the dispute grew very warm, when His Majesty put an end to the contest by calling out in broken English, 'I will have none of dese, give me de man wid de dying speech,' meaning Adams, who was then recorder of London, and whose business it therefore was, to make the report to His Majesty of the convicts under sentence of death.

"In the year 1745, when the Scots rehellion threatened most formidably, Herring, then Archbishop of York, resolved, in case of extremity, to take arms himself and oppose the progress of the rebels. His avowing this intention gave occasion to orator Henley to nickname him-a red herring." - -

To this mass of anecdotes and loose ware our Gazette, we shall only subjoin one short He immediately began, by placing in the

extract more. Miss H. states the circumstances on the authority of a female friend-

"Living much in the northern counties, she obtained for me this carious fact. The 'Miss Jenny' of the 'Journey to London' was Miss Lowe, of Locks, in Derbyshire. The journey was real, as was the adventure with a person described as 'Connt Basset.' In the latter part of her life, the lady used to speak very frankly on the subject of her imprudence and her escape from the consequences of it; and doing so, long after her marriage, when Cibber was at her table, also soon after saw herielf represented on the stage, -a breach of hospitality and good faith never forgiven by her family.

"When I had written this, I was very much at a loss to make it consistent with what I knew to be fact, that it was Vanburgh who wrote the 'Journey to London;' but a little trouble of search and enquiry set the matter right. Vanburgh had not completed the play when he died. Cibber took it up, and united with it that perfectly irrelative part, 'The Provoked Husband.' And whowill find the difference so great, as to allow the credit of this perfidious deed to rest with Cibber. Foote was guilty of the same sort of offence against society, in his farce of 'The Author,' in which he caricatures a gentleman who had received him as his guest.

"The 'Lady Grace' of 'The Provoked Husband' was Lady Betty Cecil, afterwards Lady Elizabeth Chaplin. She was of the Exeter family, and had been a beauty; but the small-pox had rendered her plain, a misfortune which she bore with such meritorious submission, as to procure her universal love and esteem."

And with this cente we must conclude. We bave already expressed our opinion of the work. It contains much of egotism of a not disagreeable kind; some sore personalities; some opinions which seem to us to be utterly unsupportable; and not a few jokes as old as the lovers of antiquity could wish. But it is also full of that gossiping Montagne-ish spirit which is calculated to render it popular; and at this period of water-place visiting (we speak from experience) it is a nice book for the carriage pocket, the sea-shore, the mi-scrable wet morning, and the hour of ennui before dinner or wherever it occurs.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 23, 1834. It is now some time since M. Eugene Pradel, a young poet of talent and peculiar facility, announced that he should improvise in French verse before a public company. This adver-tisement was generally considered as a mere joke:—Impravise French verse,—conquer the difficulties of prosody—of rhyme, extempore, and before a numerous auditory!—the project appeared prodigious and presumptuous. The trial was, however, made last Sunday; and the most unbelieving were convinced that. M. Pradel was not only no charlatan, but possessed the extraordinary faculty of im-provisation. The subject, draws by chance from lots in an urn, was Columbus, which he adopted without a moment's hesitation; and announced that he should endeavour to depicked out in the way we have tried, not so scribe the misfortunes of that grand homes, much to do justice to the author as to enliven louded with irons on his return from America. outh of Columbus the following fine ex- Bahher Abbiah (Bahar Abiad or White River)

amation or solilogny:—

"Miserable jouet de la faveur des grands,
Je soufire, je gémis dans une nuit profosde,
Je neurs victime des tyrans,
Et je viens d'aggrandit le mode!"

Thunders of applause interrupted the poet.
Le resumed: Columbus recalls and retraces the day when his disappointed and impatient crew was about to make an end of their leader, and terminate the enterprise; he re-peats the addresses and complaints of the allors; he describes their fury, his courage, his prudence; and he expresses all the joy that he experienced, when

ns no experienced, when
Des oisseaux voyagenrs d'une-alle passagère
Viorent carasser notre mêt.
Et le zéphyr sur son aile légère
Apporta jusqu'à nous les partums de la terre."
These lines excited an unanimous burst

of enthusiastic approbation, and the applause was continued to the end of the improvisa-tion, which was sustained with equal force and

beauty to the last. The Théâtre Français has at length shaken off its attaper, and roused itself from its inac-tion. Endors et Eymodocce, a tragedy taken from the Martyrs of Châteaubriand, has been well received. The author, who was named to the demands and amidst the applauses of the house, is no youngster. M. Garry is sixtyfive, and this is his first production: he has begun late, but be has also begun well; may he long enjoy his honours, and, by renewed efforts, increase the number of the friends and admirers of his green old age.

TRAVELS IN NUBIA. Second Letter from Baron Edward Ruppel, communicated to Baron Von Zach; dated from the Camp, near Kurgos (Nubia,) Decem-ber 29, 1823.

ber 20, 1823.

BEFORE quitting New Dongola, towards the middle of November, I wrote my last letter, in which I communicated to you the plan of my lourney for the next elight months. I have safely arived in the environs of the island of Kurgos, the position of which you will find on Brun's chart of the Nile, under the 17th degree of latitude. But here I find terrible obstacles to the execution of my plans. Some months after the assassination of Ismael Pacha, which had been committed in this neighbourhood, Mehemet Bey, governor of Kordofan, was appointed Generalissimo of the Army in conjunction with Mehamet Aly Pacha, to avenge the death of his son. This Pacha, to avenge the death of his son. This sanguinary chief has but too well executed the orders he had received; above fifty thousand men were massacred by his troops! For this year past he has amused himself in trathis year past he has annused master in tra-versing the provinces, plundering and burn-ing every thing, killing the adult male popu-lation, and carrying off the women and chil-dren as slaves. All who can escape, seek re-fuge in the mountains; but these unhappy peoare pursued even into these retreats, and ple are pursued even into these of them were but a short time ago a number of them were so surrounded that they were forced to surender at discretion. Provisions were scarce, and in three days about two thousand of the miserable creatures perished of hunger!

All this country is reduced to a state of despair. The people think only of revenge and extermination. The inhabitants of the banks of the Nile who have fled into the de-

is carried on only by water, by means of boats which are all at the disposal of the government and incessantly employed, as the falling of the Nile prevents the use of large barks. On my arrival here, I immediately discovered that it was utterly impossible to travel any farther on camels. I could not even go to the distance of two leagues from this camp, without running the risk of being assassinated. To complete my misfortune, I have not met Mehemet Bey: with the main body of his army he has made an excursion along the river Dinder, thirty-five days journey from this place, and there is no hope of his returning in less than two months. It is his returning in less than two monus. At is, not in the power of his lieutenant here to give me a boat belonging to the government; there is only one, the property of a private person; it is that of the Reis-baschi (superintendent of all the boats.) All these circumstances have much abated my courage, but not overthrown it. After many consultations with Har we have agreed on the followwith Hey, we have agreed on the follow-

ing plan:—
I have hired the boat of the Reis-baschi for two months, at an enormous price. Hey, the huntsman, two servants, and a slave, will em-bark in it, and ascend the White River as far as the district of the Shillouk; they will make there an ample collection of all sorts of objects of natural history, which, according to all accounts, are very abundant there. Hey is well provided with arms, provisions, and money; I have procured him, among other things, a small cannon carrying a two-pound ball, to defend himself and to hunt the ele-

phant. Thus equipped, he set sail yesterday. Meantime, I remain here with my camels and the rest of my effects, and shall await the return of Mehemet Bey: when I have delivered him my presents I hope to obtain another bark, with which I shall rejoin Hey, and afterwards proceed with him on the White River as far as Sennaar; for as to the journey to Kordofan, I have entirely renounced it, seeing that it is impossible to suc-

As my personal safety is very precarious, even here, I shall send to-morrow to Abday Bey, at Dongola, two large cases with collections of natural history, chiefly birds, which we have collected on our journey here and in the environs. Make yourself easy, however, if I or Hey should perish in this place; we have made such arrangements, that hope these things will, at all events, reach

My next letter, which you cannot hope to receive in less than two months, will sequaint you with the result, good or bad, of Hey's ex-pedition, respecting which I am not without some uneasiness. If you receive no news of me in five months, you may give up all hope of ever receiving any. As soon as it is possible to move from this place, I will go and see the pyramids, about three leagues off, which I have had before my eyes this month past: on my return, I shall write to Baron Von Zach, and give him an ample detail of You Zach, and give him an ample detail of all our adventures, &c.

This interesting letter, addressed to the despair. The people think only of revenge and extermination. The inhabitants of the banks of the Nile who have fied into the desert, make frequent excursions into their ancient abodes, where they have good spies; all the communications by land are in consequence entirely interrupted: a body of fifty dones centrely interrupted: a body of fifty dones scarcely think themselves secure. All intercourse with Barber, Sennaar, and But we must recollect that all Upper Egypt was

drawn into rebellion in the spring, by a facatic who calls himself a prophet, and who pretends to overthrow Mehemet Pacha. This circumstance may have sufficed to delay the arrival of more recent intelligence; and it is to be hoped that he has not ventured to return across Upper Egypt, where he would infallibly be taken for an emissary of the Vizir. The most favourable chance was to remain in Nubia. "We trust, (savs M. Zach) that Mr. Rüppel's next letter, which we expect with the greatest impatience, will M. Zach) that are request next rever, which we expect with the greatest impatience, will soon dispel all our frars; but, at all events, it is evident that his farther progress will meet with great obstacles, and that he will not be able to penetrate into the interior of Africa."

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LETTER IV .- THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S. "Those evening bells—those evening bells! "
Moore's National Melodics.

THERE is a delight which those only can appreciate who have felt it, in recalling to one's mind, when east by fortune upon a strange soil and among strangers, the sights and sounds which were familiar to one's infant days. It is pleasant too, though perhaps, like the praise of one's own friend, rather obtrusive, to snatch those memories from their rest and give them to other ears,—to tinge them with an interest, and bid them live again. When we perceive, likewise, that places and circumstances of real beauty and cariosity remain neglected and unknown for want of "some tongue to give their worthi-ness a voice," there is a gratification to our human pride in the effort to procure them,

even for a space

A forted residence gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion.

I shall not in this letter, as in my last, give any thing characteristic—any thing Irish.
I will be doll, rather than descend from the elevation I intend to keep; but, in compan-sation; I will tell you a fine old Story, and if you have but the slightest mingling of poeti-cal feeling in your composition, (and who is there now-a-days that will not pretend to some?)—I promise myself that you shall not

be disappointed.
The city of Limerick, though surrounded by some very tolerable demesnes, is sadly by some very tolerable demeanes, is sadly deficient in one respect, not an unimportant one in any large town. There is no public walk of any consequence immediately adjoining it. The canal which leads to Dublin is bleak, from its want of trees; and unhealthy, bleak, from its want of trees; and unreating, from the low marshy champagne which fies on either side its banks. This however, for want of something better, was for a considerable time the fashionable promende, until the formation of the Military Walk on the western side; to which the beauties of Limerable of something units as calculated and rick-(a commodity quite as celebrated, and rick—(a commonly quite as cerebrated, and some malicious wags say, almost as market-able, in an honourable way, as Limerick gloves)—have given, among themselves, the witty appellation of the path to promotion. But at the head of this canal, where it di-

vides itself into two branches, which, gra-dually widening and throwing off their arti-ficial appearance, form a glittering circlet around a small island which is covered with water shrubs on this spot, I have delightwater shrubs—on this spot, I have delight-edly reposed in many a sweet samaet—when I loved to seek a glimpse of inspiration in such scenes—to imitate Moore's poetry—and throw rhymes together, about the rills and thills, and streams and beams, and even and heaven, and fancy I was a genius!—" Tis gone—'tis gone—'tis gone!" as eld Capuler save.

But let us recall it for a moment. Have the

complaisance to indulge me in a day-dream, friends, family all were in the sound, and companisance to manage me in a day-dream, and fancy, if you can, that you sit beside me on the bank. We are beyond the hearing of the turmoil and bustle of the town—" the city's voice itself is soft—like solitude's " and there is a hush around us that is delightful-the beantiful repose of evening. sun, that but a few minutes since rushed down the west with the speed of a wandering star, pauses ere he shall set upon the very verge of the horizon, and smiles upon his own handiwork-the creation of his fostering fervour.-Hark! one sound alone reaches us here; and how grand and solemn and harmohere; and now grand and solemn and harmo-nious in its monotony! These are the great bells of St. Mary's. Their deep toned vibra-tions undulate so as to produce a sensible effect on the air around us. The peculiar fineness of the sound has been often remarked; but there is an old story connected with their history, which, whenever I hear them ring out over the silent city, gives a something more than harmony to the peal. I shall merely say, that what I am about to relate is told as a real occurrence, and I consider it so touchingly poetical in itself,-that I shall not dare to supply a fictitious name and fictitious circumstances where I have been unable to procure the actual ones.

They were originally brought from Italy; they had been manufactured by a young native (whose name the tradition has not preyears, and he prided himself upon his work. They were subsequently were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent; and with the profits of this sale, the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the plea-sure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the the convent clift, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This however was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the un-dying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and, after the pass-ing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the chefs-d'œuvre of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away into another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he ngain found a home heart withered, before he ngain found a kome or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland—proceeded up the Shannon;—the vessel anchored in the Pool, near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of linding. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turretted head above the smoke and mist of the Old Town. He sait in the stern, and looked fondly toward it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own mative heaven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stiliness, the bells tolled from the Cathedral—the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked toward the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and hay back in his seat: home, happiness, early recollections,

went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned toward the Cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed-

they found him cold!

Such are the associations which the ringing of St. Mary's bells bring to my recollection. I do not know how I can better conclude this letter than with the little Melody, of which I have given the line above. It is a good I have given the line above. It is a good specimen of the peculiar tingling melody of the author's poetry — a quality in which he never has been equalled in his own language, nor exceeded in any other; although, like a great many more of his productions, it has very little merit besides—Why!—you can almost fancy you hear them ringing!

Those evening bells-those evening bells How many a tale their music tells Of youth and home—and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those pleasant hours have passed away, And many a heart that then was gay— Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring on— When other bards shall walk those dells, And sing your praise—sweet evening bells!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW MACHINE: AIR INSTEAD OF STEAM. THE public journals have slightly mentioned a new invention of machinery, the moving force of which is to be Air instead of Steam. force of which is to be Air instead of Steam. This may lead to great results, as the agent is susceptible of being produced in so infinitely small a compass. We shall next week direct attention to the subject more at large, but may now say that the principle of the new draigs is that a certain quantity of gasbeing admitted into the cylinder, it is made to inflame by a taper fixed to the cylinder; the piston being litted at the same instant, and the thing howing produced a vacuum, the and the flame having produced a vacuum, the pressure of the air on the piston-head again forces it down on the head of the cylinder, which gives motion to a lever, or beam and cranks, as in other engines. There being no internal pressure, all risk of explosion is totally avoided in this engine.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS FOR AUGUST.

steadiness and facility as if the observer were a This chair was suspended or moved in such as to yield in every way to the rolling of the vess of these chairs, differently constructed, but ac to yield in every way to the rolling of the vessel. Two of these chairs, differently constructed, but acting appears the same principle, were tried on board the Princers Louiss, under the directions of Admiral Tyrrell, and charvations taken together were found to correspond with considerable accuracy. Partial success, however, wa the only result of that and many other investicus; and the simple method of finding the longitude by a time keeper, and by what is termed tonar observations, or which we shall speak next month, bave deterred other from making similar trials, though it is much to be regretted that seclamical accinece has not been more devoted to the accomplishment of this object.

Mercury passes from the constellation Cancer through Leo into Virgo; Venus passes from Cancer into Lee They are both too near the Sun for any accurate observation to be made.

tusion to ac marc.
Phases of the Moon.
) First Quarter 1d 9h 54m
© Full Moon 9 7 82
(Last Quarter
New Moon
) First Quarter 30 20 42
Aug. 1, Mars culminates 4h 51m
sets WbS4S 9 59
25, & culminates 4 17
sets SWbW±W 8 56
Mars passes from Virgo into Libra, and will
be of 2a - on the 28th day, at 4 hours.
Aug. 1, Jupiter rises NE4E 15h 5m
culminates
25, 24 rises
culminates
Jupiter passes from Gemini into Cancer.
The eclipses of his Satellites are not visible to us this month.
Aug. 1, Saturn rises NEbE 11b 37m
culminates 19 28

25, h rises 10 12 — colminates 18 4 Saturn is in the head of the Bull, near the e

culminates 10 21, H rises 10 52

The Georgian is still in the head of Sagittarius, and the occultation, which takes place on the 6th day, will be found particularly interesting to those who are in possession of a powerful telescope. The Moon will have passed the meridian but a few minutes previously. The Georgian will immerge 9h 574m, and emerge at 11h 94m. There will be several small stars near and above the planet, but they may be distinguished from it by their

twinkling light.

At the commencement of the month, at 10h 30m, the constellations on the meridian will be Antinous, from 300 to 400 above the horizon. Over this are Aquila, Sagitta, An-sor et Vulpecula, the head and left wing of Cygnus, and part of Draco. Below Antinous is Capricornus, and near Aquila is Delphinus, both advancing to the meridian; Pleiades rising NE4E., Perseus and Medusa's Head NE., above which are Cassiopeia and Cephena, Auriga NNE4E., Aries EbN N. A few mi-nutes afterward Fomalhaut a Piscis Australia will rise SE2S. On the 28th, at 10 hours, Capricornus, Delphinus, and Cygnus, will be on the meridian; Fomalhaut SSE2E. about 50 above the horizon. At 10h 30m Aldebaran will rise NEDE2E, the head and fore paws of Ursa Major at their lowest depression North. The stars in the right hand of Persons will present a beautiful telescopic object when the evenings are clear,

Oxrono, July 17.—Saturday, July 10, the last sy of Act Term, the following Degrees were inferred:

conferred:
Dector in Divinity.—Rev. J. Ingram, President of Trinity College.
Harketor in Medicine.—C. J. Bishop, St. Mary Hall.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Williams, All Souls' Coll.;
Rev. W. Lee, Brasennose Coll.; J. E. Gray, Oriel Coll.
Backetors of Arts.—Rev. W. Fanning, Alagd. Hall, incorporated from Dublin; T. Mason, Christ Ch.; J. Sloper,
Queen's Coll.; T. Noel. Merton Coll.
The whole number of Degrees in Act Term
was, D.D. 7; D.C.L. incorporated 1; B.D. 8;
B.C.L. 1; B. Med. 1; M.A. 83; B. Mus. 1;
B.A. 89; Incorporated B.A. 1; Matriculations,
83; Regents for the year, 20%.
CAMBRIDGE. July 16.—The Right Rev. John

CAMBRIDGE, July 16.—The Right Rev. John Jebb, D.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, Lord Bishop of Limerick, was on the 5th inst. admitted ad condem of this University.

Mr. Stephen Donne, of St. John's College, was on the same day admitted Bachelor of Arts.

FINE ARTS.

REMAINS OF ANTIQUITY DUG UP AT ROME.

THE excavations in the Bottaccia, which we have had frequent occasion to mention, have lately brought to light some monuments, which, though the workmanship is rather rude, are not unimportant. A colossal oval Sarcophagus merits the first place. The front is covered with figures, which class it with the numerous similar sepulchral monuments which have reference to Apollo and the Muses. The nearest to it is a work in the Borghese Museum, with which we have been made acquainted by Winckelmann-Monum. ined. 42. Millin gal, myth. 25. 78. See also Descript. des Antiques du Musée Royal. No. 731, in which the judgment and the punishment of Marsyas are represented. In the newly-discovered Sarcophagus, which is now to be seen in the Palace Doris, the latter is placed at the right end; and at the left is been Pallax with the flute; both representations of an infortonate contest with the youthful God of Music, who, surrounded by Gods and Muses, and distinguished by rich ornaments, appears almost in decided rivalship with the Satyr. The figures from the left to the right of the in which the judgment and the punishment The figures from the left to the right of the spectator are the following: Pallas, with a met, in a tonic without sieeves, the peplus thrown from the left shoulder, and her head in-clined, holds in each hand the half of a gouble flute,-the left resting, the right raised to throw away the instrument which has dis-pleased her. The figure is standing with the left foot very much elevated, and detached from the other figures, excepting that of a youth who is near her, with no other garment than the chlamys thrown back; in other re-spects not unlike the Pallas in Winckelmann, Mon. ined. 92. where an ancient painting re Mon. ined. 92. where an aucient painting re-presents her performing the same action, with three nymphs about her. On the left hand there, is a laurel-tree. On the ground lies a Naiad: the lower part of this figure is clothed; in her right hand she holds a reed, her left leans on tan; up from which the water is flowing. The above-mentioned painting has a similar figure; one of its three nymphs is a Naiad. Who the youth next to Pallas may be (Anelly would be unusual, and he does be (Apollo would be unusual, and he does not look like Marsyas,) cannot be decided from narratives or representations relative to from narratives of representations related to the subject. The latter are indeed rare. This fable placed opposite the Judgment of Mar-syas, reminds us, by its surprising coincidence with an inedited Athenian coin, on which Mursyas stands opposite the goddess, dis-pleased that she renounces the flute.

The following figures of Gads and Muses, among which we particularly distinguish Apollo standing in the middle, and Cybele and Juno enthroned on one side, are decidely separated from the above-mentioned groups, as in angular Sarcophagi the representations on the long front side from those on the narrow sides. Beginning at the left, the first figure is Melpomene in a long tunic without sleeves; in her left hand the club, in her right the mask, girded as usual. She and the other Muses, here five in number, are adorned with the Syren plumes,—a suitable ornament where the triumph of their choir is in question. Next her sits Cybele in a girded tunic and peplus drawn over the head, which is adorned with a diadem. Her presence must not surprise us; the contest takes place in Phrygia. In her right hand she holds a pine-branch, and looks sidewise to Juno, who sits opposite with the Lion at her feet. A figure with rough hair, who is perceived behind her, may be one of her servants; probably a Satyr and companion of Marsyas. Near this figure is Bacchus, whose effeminate appearance, and hair crowned with a wreath of ivy, evidently distinguish him. He has his right arm thrown over the head. The lower half of the figure, from the left shoulder downwards, is covered. He appears to rest the left arm on the next figure, which is Minerva. Her tunic has sleeves; the peplus covers the lower part and the left shoulder; the egis is thrown over it. She holds the spear with both hands, Marsyas standing near, who contends with her flutes which he has picked up, is not indifferent to her. More in the foreground is Atys, in a tunic, tucked up, and wearing a Phrygian cap. He holds the pedum in his left hand, and a syrinx in the right. His stature is lower than the rest, and his look is directed towards Cybele. There is a faun-like figure, which Winckelmann took for Midas passing sentence,—a strange supposition when Cybele and Juno judge. The relieve in the Palace and Juno judge. The relieve in the Palace Doria decides; the Satyr playing on the flute it Marsyas himself. His right hand holds a flute to his mouth, which is broken off below; the right hand is also broken off. Between his legs lies a goat skin on a stone. He looks towards the following figures, the nearest of which is a female crowned with ivy, probably a Muse, whose head as well as part of her tunic is seen. Apollo, distinguished as the centre figure, treads with the right foot on a rock opposite to the Satyr: the lower half of the figure is covered with the peplus. He is playing on the lyre; on his left hand is the Griffin; more to the right, at his foot, the Raven, introduced as on a tablet. Diana, in the double tunic, holds the bow in her left hand, and has the quiver in the right. The heads of two Muses are seen behind. Between them we more clearly discern the figure of another, in a girded tunic, whom the double flute, one half in each hand, indicates to be Enterpe. Juno, on a throne, and turned towards Cybele, holds a sceptre in her right, and a pomegranate in her left hand; she has a diadem, her tunic has sleeves, and is girded, with a knot; the lower part is covered by the peples. Behind her stands Mercury; his left foot is raised very high, his left hand is lifted to his head, and his right holds the

Winckelmann's design has in the place of Jano a sixth Muse sitting, with Syren plumes. We might take this figure for the mother of the Muses, or for the contemplative Poly-hymnia, who appears like this in a statue of Lighting the landscape's midnight loveliness:

the Museo Chiaramonti, and a relievo on the Belvidere; but the Syren plume can hardly suit Mnemosyne, or the distinguished place Polyhymnia. Besides, the number six for the Muses is unheard of; but five, though per-haps to be seen only in the work just described, is however certified by Tzetzes on Hesiod. Millin has omitted the plume, perhaps after seeing the relievo.

Bel In So Be Sport Ar W W ALL O T LO

Now begin the figures of the side group, extending into the middle representation; at least the boy reclining, in a Phrygian cap, seems rather to belong to it, and the figure of a river God parallel to that of Minerva, rather than both to the middle. The Phrygian looks up at Marsyas; it may be Olympus, who on a Vatican candelabra stands weeping by his punished master. (Mns. Pio. Cl. V. 4.) Near him the usual representation of Marsyas hung on a pine, is repeated; next to him is a youth with a tucked-up tunic, with sleeves, and a Phrygian cap, extending with both hands the rope by which Marsyas is bound. At the extremity is the Scythian, in a tuckedup tunic, and Phrygian cap, who, looking at Marsyas, whets the knife which threatens him. Another youth is very rudely marked out, to appearance without covering on the head, with his legs crossed, and holding a long reed. The lower half is covered.

Besides this Sarcophagus, there was found in the same place another Sarcophagus, remarkable for its uncommonly elegant form. It is chamfered before, and on the sides covered with baskets of fruit, and birds feeding. From the undulation of the fore side three little temples project, hardly as relievos, but nearly detached. In those at the corners are the Genii of the Seasons, Autumn and Winter; over them, on the front of the lid, the Genii sit slumbering, with the inverted torch in one hand and a bird in the other. In the middle temple the bust of a Boy is setup, composed by a kind of button with the pedestal, nearly in the same style as the colonsal bust of Aptinous, in the round saloon of the Vatican Museum, rises from a small Acanthus. Below the bust is the following inscription:

OC ΠΑCΑC ΧΑΡΙΤΑΌ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ Ο ΦΡΕΝΑΌ

ENOAA' EKXEICE

KEITAI KAPOTENTIC HOATOIATATOC OICI TOKETCI

These two hexameters are followed (which is very unusual) by a pentameter, which occupies lower edge of the whole sarcophagus: to the left of the Bust,

TPIC MAKAPOC AE AIOOC and to the right of it. TOCCON EXWN AFAGON.*

* The E is every where of a round form.

ORIGINAL POETRY. POETIC SKETCHES.

Fifth Series .- Sketch the Third.

THE ENIGHT'S TALE. Oh, there are evil moments in our life, When but a thought, a word, a look, he To dash the cup of happiness aside, And stamp us wretched!

And there are bitter tears in ARNOLD's hall-A wail of passionate lament! The night is on the towers, but night has not brought Silence and sleep. A sound is in the courts, Of arms and armed men; the ring of spears, The tramp of iron feet, and voices, mixed In deep confusion. With the morning's rise, Lord Arnold leads these men to Palestine.

HE LITTRICKY LAKE

Below it, first were gardens set with flowers, In beds of many shape and quaint device, So very sweet they filled the air with scents; [oaks Beyond, the ground was steep and rough; dwarf Spring on the sides, but all the nobler growth Spring on the sides, but all the hooler growth of those proud trees was seen in you dark wood, Its world of leaves blent with the distant sky. And sheltering a green park, where the smooth Was fitting herbage for the gentle fawn, Igrass Which sported by its mother's spotted side, And some so white that in the moon they shone. The clience, In the midet, a dispond shear Like silver. In the midst, a diamond sheet Of clear bright water spread, and on its breast There was a group of swans; and there was one, Laid on a little island which the leaves Of the waterflag had made; and suddenly
A sound of music rose, and leaf and flower
Seemed hushed to hear the sweet and solemn

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hymn Sung by the dying swan. And then the two Sing by the original was yet had looked Upon the terrace, who as yet had looked But in each other's eyes, turned to the lake: It was to them, even as if their love Had made itself a voice to breathe Farewell!

Had made itself a voice to oreathe rawell:— Ceased the unearthly song, and Adeline [said Threw her on Arnold's breast, and wept, and It was her warrior's dirge and hers—for never Such sad sweet sounds had breathed on mortal And yet no omen. But her Arnold kiss'd [ear, And yet no other. But he Android twas the song Of some kind Spirit, who would guard his love While he was fighting for the Cross afar. Oh, who can tell the broken-heartedness Of parting moments!—the fond words that gush From the full heart, and yet die in the throat, Whose pulses are too choked for utterance; The lingering look of eyes, half blind with tears The yet more lingering kiss, as if it were The last long breath of life! Then the slow step Changing anon to one of hurried speed, Changing anon to one of hurried speed,
As that the heart doubted its own resolve!
The fixed gaze of her, who, left behind,
Watching till shadows grow reality!
And then the sudden and sick consciousness—
How desolate we are!—Oh, mitery!
Thy watchword if, Farewell!—And ARNOLD
A few sweet buds from off a myrile tree,
And sword if Applink, before the spring And swore to ADELINE, before the spring Had covered twice that plant with its white flowers

He would return. With the next morning's sun Lord Arnold led his vassals to the war, And ADELINE was left to solitude-

The worst of solitude, of home and heart.

If I must part from those whom I have loved Let me, too, part from where they were beloved It wrings the heart to see each thing the same Tread over the same steps; and then to find The difference in the heart. It is so sad-The anterence in the heart. It is so sad—
So very lonely—to be the sole one
In whom there is a sign of change! - There are two words to tell the warrior's course,
Valour and Victory. But fortune changed,

And Arnold was a prisoner at last.

And there he lay and pined, till hope grew tired,

Even of its sweet self; and now despair Reached its last stage, for it was grown familiar. Change came, when there was not a thought

of change But in his dreams. Thanks to a pitying Slave Whom he had spared in battle, he escaped! And over sea and land the pilgrim went.

It was a summer evening, when again He stood before his castle, and he paused In the excess of happiness. The sun Had set behind the towers, whose square heights Divided the red west; and on its verge, Just where the crimson faded, was a star— The twilight star—pale, like dew turned to light. And on he went thro' his fair park, and past— The lake and its white swans; at length he came To his sweet garden and its thousand flowers. The roses were in blossom, and the air
Oppressed him with its fragrance. On a walk,
As if just fallen from some beauty's hair,
There lay a branch of myrtle—Arnold caught
lts leaves, and kiss'd them!—Sure, 'twas AdeHe stood now by a little alcove, made [Line's!]

Of flowers and green boughs—ADELINE is there— But, woe for ARNOLD, she is not alone!— So lovely, and so false!—There, there she sat, Her white arm round his neck, and her fair brow Bowed on his shoulder, while her long black hair

hair
Streamed o'er his bosom—There they sat, so
Like statues in that light; and Arroll thought
How often he had leant with ABELINE
In such sweet silence. But they rose to go;
And then he marked how tenderly the youth
Drew his cloak round her, lest the dew should

Upon her fragile beauty. They were gone And Asson threw him on the tarf, which still Retained the pressure of her fairy feet— Then started wildly from the ground, and fled As life and death were on his speed. His towers Were but a little distant from the sea; And ere the morning broke, Arnold was tossed Far over the blue wave. He did not go, As the young warrior goes, with hope and pride, As the young warrior goes, with hope and pr As he once went; but as a pligrim, roamed O'er other countries, any but his own. At last his steps sought pleasant Italy. It was one autumn evening that he reached It was one autum evening that he reacted A little valley in the Apennine: It lay amid the heights—a resting place Of quiet and deep beauty. On one side A forest of a thousand pines arose, Darkened with many winters; on the left Stood the atcep crags, where, even in July, The white snow lay, carved into curious shapes Of turret, pinnacle, and battlement; And in the front, the opening mountains showed The smiling plains of grape-clad Tuscany; And farther still was caught the sky-like sweep Of the blue ocean. Small white cottages And olive trees filled up the dell. But, hid By the sole group of cypresses, whose boughs, As the green weeping of the sea-weed, hung Like grief or care around, a temple stood Of purest marble, with its carved dome And white commitmen pillars strangely wreathed And white combinan piliars strangely wreathed by the thick is cleave. In other days, Piliare, Some hymph or noddess had been worshipped Whose nancwas gone, even from her own shrine. The cross stood on the altar, and above There hung the picture of Saint Valerie Its pale calm beauty suited well the maid, Who left the idol pleasures of the world For solitude, and heaven in early wonth. For solitude and heaven in early youth.
And ARNOLD knelt to the sweet saint, and prayed For pity and for pardon; and his heart. Clung to the place, and thought upon repose. He made himself a home in the same cave Where once St. Valerie had dwelt: a rill,
That trickled from the rock above, his drink,
The mountain fruits his food. And there he

lived : lived:

Peasants, and one or two tired pilgrims, all

That e'er disturbed his hermit solitude. [noon
Long months had passed away, when one hot
He sat beneath the cypresses, and saw
A pilgrim slowly urging up the height.

The sun was on her head, yet turned she not
To seek the shade; beside, the path was rough;

Vet there she toiled though the green turf was Yet there she toiled, though the green turf

near.
At last she reached the shrine—and ARNOLD His ADELINE! Her slender frame was bent, And her small feet left a red trace behind. The blood flowed from them. And he was her

kneel, And heard her pray for him and his return, "ADELINE! art thou true?"—One moment more Her head is on his bosom, and his lips Feeding on her pale cheek!—He heard it all-How that youth was her brother, just returned From fighting with the Infidels in Spain; That he had gone to Palestine to seek Some tidings of her Arosto; and, meanwhile, Herself had vowed a barefoot pilgrimage. To pray St. Valerie to bless the scarch!—And she indeed had blessed it!—There is that English castle once again, with its group awayon of rook and its clear lake.

With its green sweep of park and its clear lake; upon the performances at this Theatre, and And there that bower; and in its shade is placed the reason, to those persons who have visited

A statue of St. Valerie; and a shrine, Graven with names of those who placed it here, Record and tribute of their happiness— L. E. L. ARNOLD and ADELINE!

Τελευταίος "Αποχαίρετίσμος τοῦ Κλέφτη." Ροβόλα κάτω 'σ τόν γιαλον, κάτω 'σ το περιγούλι. Βάλε τὰ χέρια σου κουπιὰ, τὰ στήθη σου τιμ Καὶ τὸ λεγνόν σου τὸ καρμί, βάλε το σὰν καράβι. Κ' ὰν κάμ' ὁ Θεὸς κ' ἡ Παναγκά, νὰ πλέξης, νὰ περάσης,

περωσης, Νὰ πῶς πρὸς τὰ λιμέρια μας, ὁπώ 'χομεν καβοῦλι, Ποῦ ψήσαμεν τὰ δυὸ τραγιὰ, τὸν Φλώραν καὶ τὸν

Τόμπραν, "Αν σέρωτησ' ή συντροφιά τίποτε για ξμένα, Να μήν είπης, πώς χάθηκα, πώς πέθαν' ὁ καζμένοι Μόνον είπε, πανδρεύθεκα 'σ τα έρημα τα ξένα, Πῆρα τὴν πλάκα πεθεράν, την μαύρην την χυταϊκα, Κι' αὐτὰ τὰ λιανολίθαρα όλα γυναϊκαδέλφια.

THE LAST ADIEUX OF THE RESPIRA

Away, my Son, to yonder shore, Aud be thy bony as a boat; Thy breast, a helm to guide thee o'er; Thy hands, the oars to keep afloat! And should our God and Virgin sweet Give thee to reach the distant strand, Where in debate our rulers meet, And wisely guide the rising land; And where in sacrifice of late
Flora and Tombra : mildly bled,—
To those that ask thee thy sire's fate, Oh say, oh say not that I'm dead!

Say, in a distant land I'm wed, And that the cold earth is my bride; Her mother, the stone at my head Her kin, the pebbles at my side. St. John's Wood.

* The simplicity of this modern Greek Song will be felt by every reader of that language; and by a translation, we have endeavoured to give an idea of it

+ Greek Captain. t Names of Kids.

SCHILLER TO GOTHE, Who was bringing Voltaire's Mahomet on the Stage,

So you—(from truth and nature when we strawd, By systematic rules of Art betray'd)—
Who brought us back to native taste and ease, Who brought us back to native taste and case within your cradle even an Heroiles, Beneath whose arm the savage screents bled, Who stung our Genius, venomless and dead; You, on whose brow, while bigot tage you ste Fair Ar has plac'd her priestly dladem; Do you too sacrifice at this false shrine?——Göthe, what strange idolatry is thine!! Enlarg'd is now the Theatre's wide range, Still some new world presenting some new Rhetoric flourish now is out of date; [change;

Truth sits supreme, where affectation sate; Genius presides where dance and music sway'd, And nature's dictates are alone obey'd. And nature's increases are alone obey.

Of France the succour, then, great Bard, refuse;

No living spirit animates her Muse.— [grace,
With us, who venerate truth's more chasten'd

A false decorum's cold, precise grimace,
Our feelings hurts, is wholly out of place—
France to our Drama should not give the tone, While genuine German spirit is our own; True German spirit, founded on the rules. Drawn from the Grecian and the British schools France should but come, long uninvited guest, To make our Drama's bolder style more chaste; To mend the manners of a rougher Age,
And sweep, Melpomene—thy rubbish off the
stage.*

* Val. i. p. 237.

DRAMA. DRURY LANE.

We have not made any observations of late upon the performances at this Theatre, and

ft, will be sufficiently obvious. With the exception of a speech, about three times a week, from the Manager—the announcement daily of a new piece, which was said to be delayed on eccount of the Chamberlain's absence, but which, we verily believe, was never meant to be produced—the appearance of Miss Isabella Paton, who, if she be not spoilt by the partiality of her friends, may probably become a very fair actress—and Madame Catani's injudicious attemnt to sing "Scars lani's injudicious attempt to sing "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"—events, not any one of which appeared to us of sufficient consequence to call for a detailed account,there has been nothing done to require parti-cularly the notice of the critic. We attended the house for the last two times on Saturday and Monday. On the former evening we saw the sterling old Farce of The Citizen most wretchedly performed: Gattie and Browne in Old and Young Philpet—" think of that Muster Brook," and we are sure we shall be spared the relation of our sufferings!—After this, however, Mr. Elliston made his appearance, and informed the audience, that on the following Monday he should present them with a Masquerade upon a most "elegant principle," and that he "should positively engage all London" to contribute to the pleaengage all London" to contribute to the pleasures of the evening. On Monday, then, we attended to witness this elegant entertainment: the house was not very full before the curtain, and all London certainly was not behind it. We expected some explanation of this. We thought that the thinness of the town at this season of the year might have been turned to good account; but the Manager, not liking probably the unqualified recepn of his Speech of Saturday, confined himself merely to the usual topics of a Farewell self merely to the usual topics of a rarewell Address—congratulations pone past success, (especially congratulations to himself for the Theatre's debts having been reduced in amount,) and assurances that no exertions should be wanting to amuse us for the future. Till next September, therefore, we must bid adien to Drury Lane, where, although we have had far too much of charlatanism and puff, we have had a great deal of fine vocal talent and have enjoyed some good old Plays, filled by some excellent Comedians.

Pools's little Comedy of Married and Single is nightly gaining ground with the public Farren's personation of Beau Shatterly is much and deservedly admired. He has, in-deed, identified himself with the part, and deed, recultued himself with the part, and henceforward they must be inseparable. Another very agreeable piece, by the same author, The Two Pages of Frederick the Great, has been revived with success. Many of the characters, particularly the Frederick of Farree, and the Theodore of Vestris, are extremely rep, and the Theodore of Vestris, are extremely well acted. We wish, however, we could prevail upon Mrs. Glover to dress a little more plainly? the glaring crimson velvet dress, and the Polish cap, placed just upon the apex of the bead, have, with her figure, a very indicrous effect. The gravity of the house was more than once disturbed by her appearance and are of the heat seems with the old ance, and one of the best scenes with the old king very much weakened, simply on this ac-count. Miss Love should never appear in male attire, at least, by the side of Madame Vestris; indeed, she had better "keep her legs altegether to herself."

Kenney's new Opera is in a forward state. Purven, Liston, Harley, Madame Vestris,

Miss Paton, and Miss Love, have all of them parts in it.

PROTEST OPPRA

Der Freischitz, as it gradually becomes more intelligible, is better liked by the andi-ence. Braham works very hard. The Incantation is now very well done; but we think a little alteration is still wanting in the catastronhe.

POSITIOS.

In the Burmese war, our troops, after par-tial successes, and displaying a superiority which must ensure altimate victory, were repulsed in a spirited attack on a strong fortification. The news from Peru is conflicting:

VARIETIES.

We have to record the death of Sharpe, the celebrated Engraver. He was, it may be recollected, one of the leading followers of Joanna Southcote; but in spite of this vagary, he was one of the best artists, in the highest style of engraving, which this country

has ever produced.

Rossini has left London, where his stay has been far from brilliant; and his departure was still more clouded by an arrest, but the

demand was settled.

"Sunday, Mr. Kean, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. R. Phillips, left town in his travelling carriage and four, for Holyhead; from thence he proceeds immediately for Dub Announcement in the Morning Papers!!!

A Correspondent mentions to us, that the head of the Britannia in Sir W. André's monument in Westminster Abbey, which was

broken off and carried away forty years ago, has recently been found in Lower Canada, brought to England, and restored. A Traveller!—The Sunday Gazette of Minden gives an account of the life and death of a re-markable man, who never had any home for the last forty years, had been travelling all over Europe, which he explored from the North Pole to the extreme South, always on foot, without any fortune; was acquainted with all the learned men, and was chiefly en-gaged in archeological researches in the Scandinavian and other languages. The name of this extraordinary person was Martin Frederick Arendt, a native of Holland; and it is uncertain whether his laborious acquisitions, which he always carried about with him, have

The Metropolitan Chrysanthus, superior of the convent of St. George, situated at the southern extremities of Tauries, died on the 18th of February, at the age of ninety-two years. This venerable prelate retained his faculties to the last moment. The clergy, the generals, the officers of the army and navy, accompanied the body to the convent of St. George, seventeen verstes from Sebastopal, where it was deposited. been persecuted in his native country (Greece, he withdrew from it, and travelled through England, different parts of the East Indies. England, different parts of the East Indies, Japan, China, Corea, Mongol Tartary, Great Tartary, Thibet, Arabia, Persia, and Bucharia; and, after his long fatigues, found at length a peaceful retreat in our country, where he received numerous marks of the munificence of His Majesty the Empéror. We are not informed whether Father Chrysnuthus has left any manuscripts of his travels .- Rus-

There has, it is said, been a shower of acrolites near Bologna. The largest was 1206, in weight. The fall was preceded by a strange noise, but there was little wind.

Hydrophobia.—The Paris Journal reports another new cure for this dreadful and increasing malady. "A poor man of Udine was, it is said, cured by taking a quantity of rinegar given to him in a mistake for some other medicine. Count Leonissa, a physician of Padua, being informed of this circumstance, tried the same remedy upon a patient in the hospital of that city, whom he restored to perfect health by administering to him a pound of vinegar in the morning, and a like quantity at noon and night."—Without insisting on the power of this process, after so many asserted remedies have failed, we take many asserted remedies have failed, we take the opportunity of recommending to public attention at this period when so many afflict-ing instances of hydrophobia occur, the very simple precaution taken in Paris every year to prevent such calamities. Slight baskets to fasten on the noses of dogs, like muzzles, are aster on the poses of togs, like muzzles, are sold in many shops; they are easily fixed on, do not incommode the animal, and preclude it from doing mischief. Dogs running about without this safeguard are very properly de-stroyed by the police.—Ed.

Puns, &c. by a Professor.

Brighton.—A punning visitor to Brighton has christened the Marine Parade " Groat Row;" because, said be, there is on one side twopence for the Pier gate, and on the other Tuppens the Library.

Improvement .- In the window of a writingmaster who professes to teach an elegant hand in six leases, are presented specimens of his pupils improvement; 1st, in their ori-ginal scrawl, and, 2dly, in their amended manuscript. One of these examples runs

thus:

1. "This is my writting when I come to take lessings of Mr. Crowquill."

2. "This is my writing after I had taken six lessons from Mr. Crowquill."

Thus we may observe, that by improving in writing, pupils also improve in spelling by the same process of instruction.

Etymology.—" Why are doctors called phy-sicians, mamma?" said a little inquisitive girl to her mother, who had just been visited by one of these. "Physician, (replied Mamma, who was seldom at a loss for an answer) comes from fee-seek, as the doctors ride about all day to seek fees."

Pun .- A visitor to Surgeons' Hall fately remarked, when shown a number of dwarfs, monsters, &c. preserved in alcohol and other preparations, "Well, I never thought that the dead could be seen in such animal spirits."

The Painter .- A troublesome sitter to an eminent portrait-painter, puzzled himself and plagued the artist in determining whether he should be painted on panel or canvas.
"But how would you have me drawn?" he seed, Sir, (roared the latter;) such a fellow as you ought to be draws on nothing but a hurdle.

Epitaph.—In a Sussex chareb-yard appears the following Epitaph, inscribed by a discon-solate widower: "Here lies the body of solute winower: "Here hes the body of Sarah, wife of John —, who died 24th March, 1823, aged forty-two years. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord TAKETH AWAY; blessed of the Manie of the Lord."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

ts

The first volume of the complete Works of M. Arnawithas appeared at Paris. The Emperor preserved for film a high respect. By his will, made at St. Helens, Napoleon left M. Arnawit a bundred thousand france.

A notice has been issued that in the ensuing winter a Description, in the of the Island of Medeira, by the late Mr. Bowdich, will be published. To which are added, a Narrative of Mr. Bowdich's last Voyage to Africa, isrminating at his death; Remarks on the Cape De Vernisating at his death; Remarks on the Cape De Vernisating at his death; Remarks on the Cape De Vernisating at his death; Remarks on the Cape De Vernisating at his death; Remarks on the Cape De Vernisation of the River Gambia, by Mrs. Bowdich.

Nale of the Library of Professor Merrmann.—The sale of this celebrated collection of books and MSS. was concluded on the 3d July, after four weeks' continuance. It produced 13t 100 florins. A great part of this celebrated library has been purchased by foreign collectors and booksellers, especially English; though a very considerable portion, both of the books and MSS. has been secured for the Royal Library at the Haque, the Royal Institute at Amsterdam, and various candemics in Holland. Among the principal purchasers was Baron Van Westreenen Van Ticliandt, nephew of Professor Meermann, who, on this occasion, enriched his extensive hibrary by the acquisition of a great anumber of rare and important works, especially such as related to the national literature and history; and also of the Rijmbide of Jacob Van Maerlant, a valumbe MS. which has never been printed; and is of great importance to the Dutch language; the MS. of the Universal History of Engliters de Roya, dedicated to Bishop David of Burgundy, from the library of that prelate; the Chinese Allas, draws in Chinh Istelf, for M. Witsen, burgo-oraster of Amsterdam; the original MS. of Grodius Componium MS.—direct importance to the Dutch language; the MS. of the Universal History of Comparing of the Athenian, Roman, and Balavian Componwealths, & &c.

Br

addition to the Library of MSS, in the British Museum.

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Sunday 25	51 - 76	29-83 - 29-85
Monday, 26	52 - 72	29-83 - 29-80
Tuesday 27	51 - 68	29-90 - 39-10
Wednesday 23	51 - 73	30-20 - 30-18
Wind variable. G	enerally clear, exc	ept the 26th, on

Rain fallen ,2 of an inch. C. H. ADAMS.

Errata.—Page 474, eci. 2, 1. 29 from the bottom, after authors read " I send the following." Same paragraph, for telick read relicks.—Col. 3, 1. 43, for 1719 read 1720

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Admirer of L. E. L. a productions is informed, that there is at present no intention of collecting her Poems from the Ltt. Gwarette for separate publication. Of The fastrowisartice a second edition is preparing (the first of a thomassa copies being nearly out of print;) but whether with additions we cannot say.

Oscar is requested to send by any convenient opportunity for a lester addressed to him at our Office.

Our Friends in the North of England shall hear from its, or better, anon.

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